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Sport, Pastimes & Travel.

# The BYSTANDER.

Art, Literature & the Drama.

No. 102 —Vol. VIII. [Registered at the G.P.O. as a Newspaper.] Wednesday, November 15, 1905 [Price, 6d. By Post, 6½d.

*Photo by* *W. and D. Downey*

**The new Princess Royal**

This title was conferred upon Princess Louise (Duchess of Fife) in celebration of the King's birthday (November 9). Upon the daughters of the Princess Royal has been conferred the title of Highness, and the style of Princess prefixed to their Christian names

No. 102.—Vol VIII.

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The Editor is always pleased to receive contributions from readers, but all such must be accompanied by the necessary stamps for return, if unsuitable, and all MSS., photographs, and drawings must bear the name and address of the sender. If stamps are not enclosed they will be destroyed. Liberal payment is made on publication for all accepted matter. Short, witty sketches and episodes, rather than stories, of a bright, crisp, and epigrammatic nature, of about 1,000 to 1,500 words in length, are the only kind of fiction that is wanted, and preference is given to that which is light and amusing. News and photographs of events on the Continent of interest to English readers are immediately considered. The Editor is always pleased to receive suggestions and ideas from his readers. All letters, etc., should be addressed to the Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, Whitefriars, E.C. The Telephone Number is 471 Holborn. Although every effort is made to deal with contributions promptly, it must be understood that the Editor cannot accept responsibility for unsolicited contributions.

## Amusements


**THE COLISEUM. CHARING CROSS.**
THREE PERFORMANCES DAILY, at 3 o'clock, 6 o'clock, and 9 o'clock. The 6 o'clock programme is entirely different from that at 3 and 9 o'clock. All seats in all parts are numbered and reserved. Stamped addressed envelopes should accompany all postal applications for seats.
Prices: Boxes, £2 2s., £1 11s. 6d., and £1 1s.; Fauteuils, 10/6 and 7/6; Stalls, 5/-, 4/-, 3/-, and 2/- (Telephone No. 7689 Gerrard); Grand Tier, 1/-; Balcony, 6d. (Telephone No. 7699 Gerrard). Children under twelve half price to all Fauteuils and Stalls. Telegrams: "Coliseum, London."

**EMPIRE THEATRE** EVERY EVENING at 8.15.
MATINÉE EVERY SATURDAY, at 2.15.
"THE BUGLE CALL"
"A REVUE," by GEO. GROSSMITH, JUN.
And Specially Selected Varieties. Manager, MR. H. J. HITCHINS.


## *BOOKS RECEIVED.*

### NEW FICTION

"The Four Just Men." By Edgar Wallace. (Tallis Press: 3s. 6d.)

"Soprano: A Portrait." By F. Marion Crawford. (Macmillan: 6s.)

"Dick Pentreath." By Katharine Tynan. (Smith Elder: 6s.)

"The Progress of Priscilla." By Lucas Cleeve. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"Mona, a Manx Idyll." By Esmé Stuart. (Jarrold: 6s.)

"The Interpreters." By Margaretta Byrde. (Fisher Unwin: 6s.)

"The Story of the Gravelys." By Marshall Saunders. (Ward, Lock: 3s. 6d.)

### MISCELLANEOUS

"Still-room Cookery." By Mrs. C. S. Peel. (Constable: 1s. net.)

"Savouries Simplified." By Mrs. C. S. Peel. (Constable: 1s. net.)

"Woman's Kingdom." By Mrs. Willoughby Wallace. (Constable: 6s.)

"People I Have Read." By Stuart Cumberland. (Pearson: 2s. 6d.)

"Outdoor Pastimes of an American Hunter." By Theodore Roosevelt. (Longmans: 12s. 6d.)

"Northern Trails." By Wm. J. Long. (F. J. Matheson: 7s. 6d.)

"Poems and Plays." By C. Whitworth Wynne. (Kegan Paul: 7s. 6d.)

"How to be Happy Though Married." New edition. (Fisher Unwin: 3s. 6d.)

"'Hellespont' on Bridge." Fifth edition. (De La Rue: 5s. net.)

"The Zoo: A Scamper." By Walter Emanuel. Illustrated by John Hassall. (Alston Rivers: 2s. 6d.)

"A Woman of the World: An American Woman's Counsels to Other People's Sons and Daughters." By Ella Wheeler Wilcox. (Cassell: 6s.)

"Sir Thomas Browne." English Men of Letters. By Edmund Gosse. (Macmillan: 2s. net.)

"A Queen of Napoleon's Court." By Catherine Hearne. (Fisher Unwin: 10s. 6d.)

"Henrietta Rae." By Arthur Fisher. (Cassell: 5s. net.)

"Sir Lawrence Alma-Tadema, O.M., R.A." By Percy Cross Standing. (Cassell: 3s. net.)

"The Successful Investor." (The Marlborough Press: 1s. net.)

"Red Rose." By T. W. H. Crosland. (The Marlborough Press: 1s. net.)

### CHILDREN'S BOOKS

"Thumblekin, Tom, and the Showman." By Mary E. Murray. (Sunday School Union: 1s.)

"Kings of the Quarter Deck." By Arthur Temple. (Sunday School Union: 1s. 6d.)

"Micky." By Evelyn Sharp. (Macmillan: 4s. 6d.)

# Random Jottings

Wireless boats are the latest invention, but I doubt if landsmen will take to them very readily. It does not much matter if a wireless message goes astray, but it would be a serious business for those on board a wireless boat if it went astray. One would not even have the satisfaction of knowing that the captain was in charge, prepared to be the last man to leave the ship, and ready even to go down with it, if necessary; for, presumably, the captain and the crew of the wireless boat would be united in the person of a young electrician, seated on shore beside some tall poles. From these poles he would, of course, despatch the electric currents that propel the ship. Should a storm arise, and the current not connect, the young electrician would be distressed no doubt. But he would not order the boats to be lowered in a manly, ringing voice, or bid the passengers take courage, for he will yet save them. For of course, he would still be on shore, sitting by his poles. And, after a time, when all efforts to intercept the ship again had become useless, he would go off to lunch —a very unsatisfactory state of affairs.

Senor Torres Queredo, who has invented the wireless boat, thinks that he will also be able to apply his system to aerial navigation. No doubt he will. Balloonists are a race apart, and will try anything. Besides, in their case, if the current did disconnect after a bit, they would have the pleasure of reflecting as they fell that, but for Senor Queredo's invention, they would have fallen some time ago. There would be some consolation in that.

**Lines Written in Elation near London Bridge**

It was the good ship *Puffin Bill*,
That steamed o'er a wintry tide,
And the skipper he said to his mate, said he
(With an air of conscious pride)—

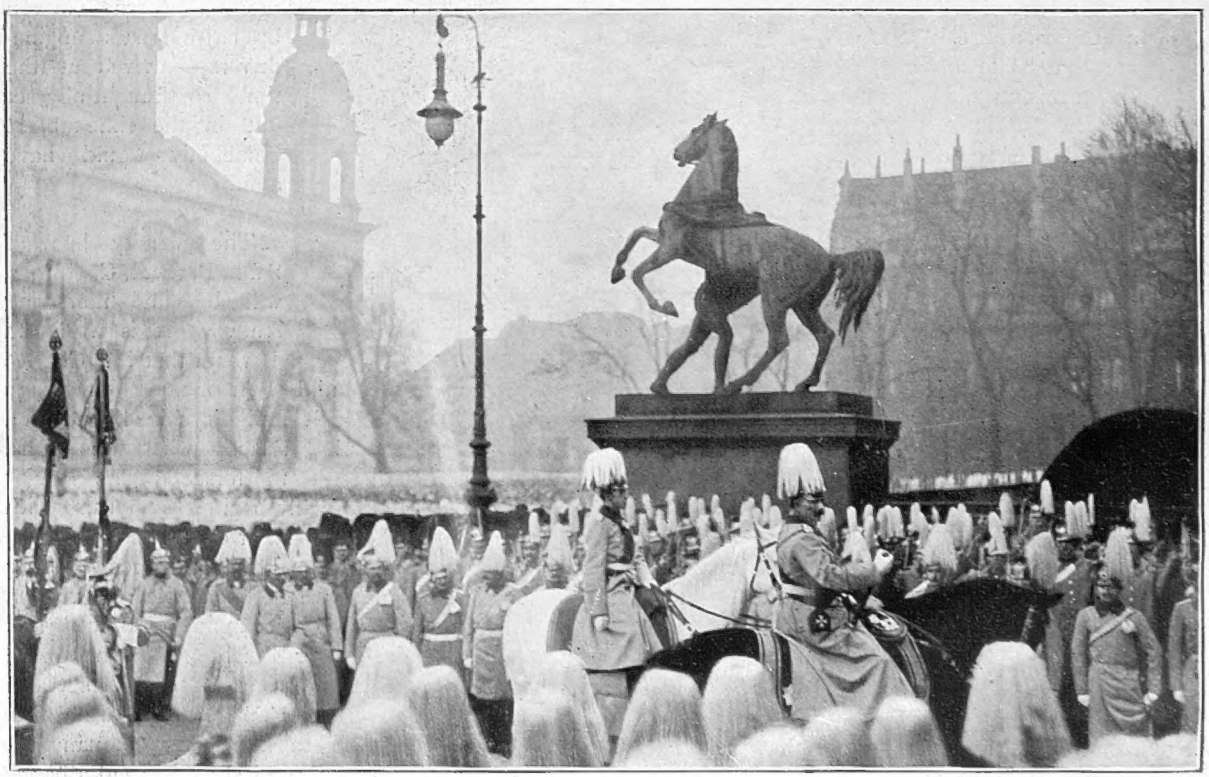
"It's all very well for folks to talk
Of the ways of the L.C.C.,
But, if ever they take these steamboats off,
What's to 'appen to you an' me?

"*They* knows the value of chaps like we;
*They* wouldn't let us go,
Though there's never a passenger on deck
And never a one below.

"Folks say that the service ought ter *pay!*
Well; there—it makes me boil
To think they should take such a *sordid* view
Of a mariner's 'umble toil.

"You may talk to me of yer Tuppeny Tube,
Yer tram, or yer motor 'bus:
But where would old England be to-day
If it weren't for the likes o' *hus*?

"So 'ere's to the ratepayers' 'ealths, my boy,
Three cheers, and one cheer more,
'Ere's thankin' our stars that we're better off
Than the unemployed ashore."



**The Entertainment and Edification of Alphonso XIII.: The Kaiser and his guest at the swearing-in of recruits**

Emperor William determined not to be outdone in the matter of hospitality by other Sovereigns who have recently entertained Alphonso XIII., has been treating his guest to a positive orgy of militarism. The Spanish King has been shown the innermost working of that great machine, the German Army, in all its bearings, from the swearing-in of recruits to the most gorgeous spectacular reviews

The Swiss are a practical nation, and it is pleasant to know that their efforts to attract birds to the Canton Vaud by placing artificial nests in the trees of that district are being rewarded. Blackbirds and thrushes have already arrived, and sparrows are expected. Some of the papers have argued that what the Swiss want these birds to do is to eat insects, but this can hardly be so. It is much more likely to be intended as a means for pleasing tourists, and adding to the picturesqueness of the country. Edelweiss, of course, is already planted, and mountain railways laid out. Blackbirds, singing to the tourist as he ascends the mountain crest in his smoking compartment, will be very attractive. When the birds cease to be a novelty, the Swiss will be sure to think of something else. Sharks in the Lake of Lucerne would be a good thing. Chamois-pens might be erected on the higher Alps to allure the chamois there. Some fresh mountains might even be built in the course of time.

If the Sultan of Turkey keeps a diary, it should contain some amusing reading—in view of the forthcoming naval demonstration in Turkish waters. The causes might be summarised after this manner:—

OCTOBER 20.—Ambassadors have again informed me that state of Balkans is unsatisfactory. Said I could believe it. Nature of Balkans to be unsatisfactory. Why bother about Balkans? Ambassadors absurdly annoyed by this philosophic attitude. Rum dogs—Ambassadors.

OCTOBER 30.—Balkans seem to have got on nerves of Ambassadors. Was informed to-day that greatest disorder prevails there. Could not induce them to see that, as we all live in Constantinople, which is a nice, quiet place, Balkans did not concern us. Tried to change subject of conversation. All in vain. Balkans, Balkans, all the time. Shall have to have headache next time A.'s come.

NOVEMBER 1.—Informed by note that if nothing is done in Balkans, Powers will send ships to Dardanelles. Replied that I was delighted with notion, and would certainly do nothing in Balkans.

NOVEMBER 9.—Looking forward to review of united fleet. Have asked that only first-class cruisers should be sent. No reply. Query—are Powers huffy?

NOVEMBER 13.—Threat to blockade Dardanelles to hand, unless I instantly see to Balkans. Must be great bother blockading Dardanelles. "Bother" not a word to be found in dictionary of Powers. Worst of being energetic. If blockade begins, shall have to promise to give an eye to Balkans. Can wink the other.

**The new fairy godmother**

Sir Francis Burnand is writing the new "Cinderella" for Drury Lane. We may expect many pleasantries of Mr. Punch to peep out when he touches the subject of the pumpkin with his magic pen

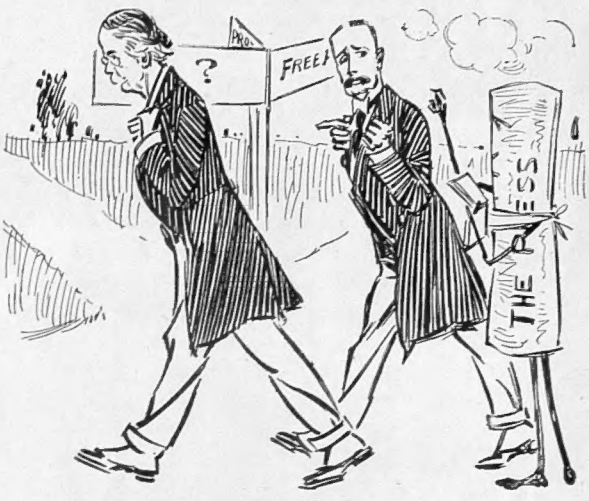
Even strikes have a sense of humour nowadays—in Hungary, at any rate. The strike of railway employés there has taken the form of conforming exactly to the railway regulations. The consequence is that traffic has been disorganised, and the railway managers are wondering why they made such funny rules. It is rather an unkind nemesis to befall railway managers, but one cannot help wishing that something similar would happen here. What would occur if a guard on the Metropolitan took it into his head to enforce the regulation that runs: "This carriage is constructed to hold ten people"? Or conceive that all the trains on the South Eastern—driven by rebellious engine-drivers—arrived at the times so thoughtfully set out in the time-tables! Somebody would have a fit.

The 'Varsity man of Santa Barbara, California, will be an interesting study. It is at Santa Barbara that Mr. Charles F. Joy proposes to build a $1,000,000 University for the Study of Occult and Psychic Phenomena and the Human Soul. Exactly what the course will be, it is difficult to forsee. The bright young student will probably begin his morning with a lecture from his College Tutor on Ghosts. He will proceed to spend a happy hour with the Professor of Table Turning, and then do a little research on his own account into spirit-rappings. Braced and invigorated, he will, after lunch, go down to the football field to try and auto-suggest the ball between his adversary's goal-posts. To his quiet wine after hall he will be able to invite for company the spirits of departed friends, and should spend a happy evening. When he has graduated, he will, no doubt, accept a Rhodes' Scholarship and come over to Oxford. He ought to wake the old place up.

# The Topictator

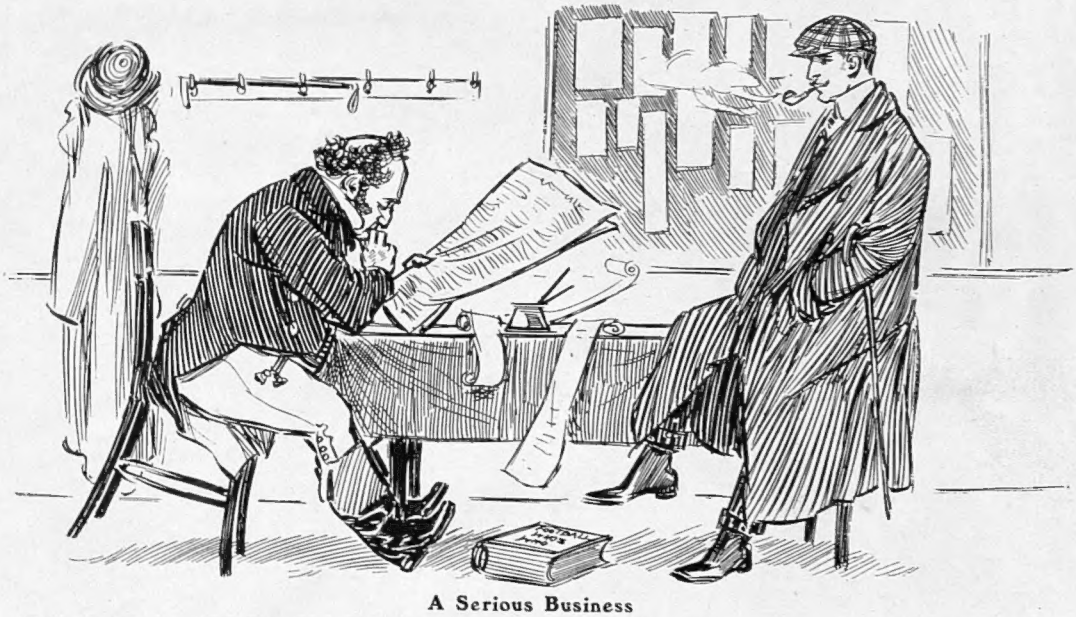
**The Show**

MR. HAMMER CLOTH: "Ah! you may talk about your hallegorical cars, your *hententes*, and what not—but it's *me* they come to see"




(*Lord Londonderry states that he is neither Free-Fooder nor Protectionist, but that he "follows Mr. Balfour"*)

"Where are you going?"
"Where he goes."
"And where is he going?"
"Haven't a notion."



**A Serious Business**

MR. BYSTANDER: "You look worried, John; what is it? Unemployed? Army? Trade?"
J. B.: "No. I can't for the life of me make out who to put in the half-back line against New Zealand"

**Caramba!**

The Kaiser has been presented with the uniform of a Captain-General of the Spanish Army

**The question of the hour**

DOCTOR: "Didn't I warn you not to touch whiskey?"
TOPER: "Cer'nly—but—quesh'n is—*what is whiskey?*"

# Sport of the Week-End

By H. S. SCRIVENER

**The 'Varsity "Rugger" Teams**

We have been waiting for a "line" as to the comparative merits of the 'Varsity Rugger teams, and we have now got it with a vengeance through the New Zealanders. Oxford beaten easily by twenty-two points; Cambridge beaten by fourteen points, after giving our visitors one of the hardest games they have had so far. Well, as Rutland Barrington used to sing not so long ago, "There's nothing much more to say," except to marvel at the sudden spurt Cambridge have put on, and to moralise upon the enormous difference which the loss of a couple of backs like Raphael and Stoop has made to Oxford. On Saturday the form was confirmed as far as Oxford are concerned, for they went down to the Harlequins; but as regards Cambridge it was not so, for, since New Zealand had piled up a bigger score against Blackheath than against Cambridge, the Light Blues seemed to have a distinct chance of beating the Club. But they didn't. So much for paper form, although the margin was, in fact, only a goal and a try to a try.

**The Richmond Match**

Saturday was such an unpleasant day that many people thought that the conditions would tell sufficiently against the New Zealanders to enable Richmond to make a fight of it, and, to some extent, they were right. In defence the Richmond men were splendid, and it was half an hour before anything was scored; but, although the forwards certainly fought hard to the bitter end, the backs had no attacking power, and made nothing of the chances that the forwards gave them. The New Zealand backs, on the other hand, were always dangerous (as usual) whenever they got going, and it was only by fine tackling that they were kept from crossing the Richmond line more than five times. Wallace was particularly on the spot, scoring two of the tries himself and having a hand in two of the others.

**The Old Leysians' Win at Wandsworth**

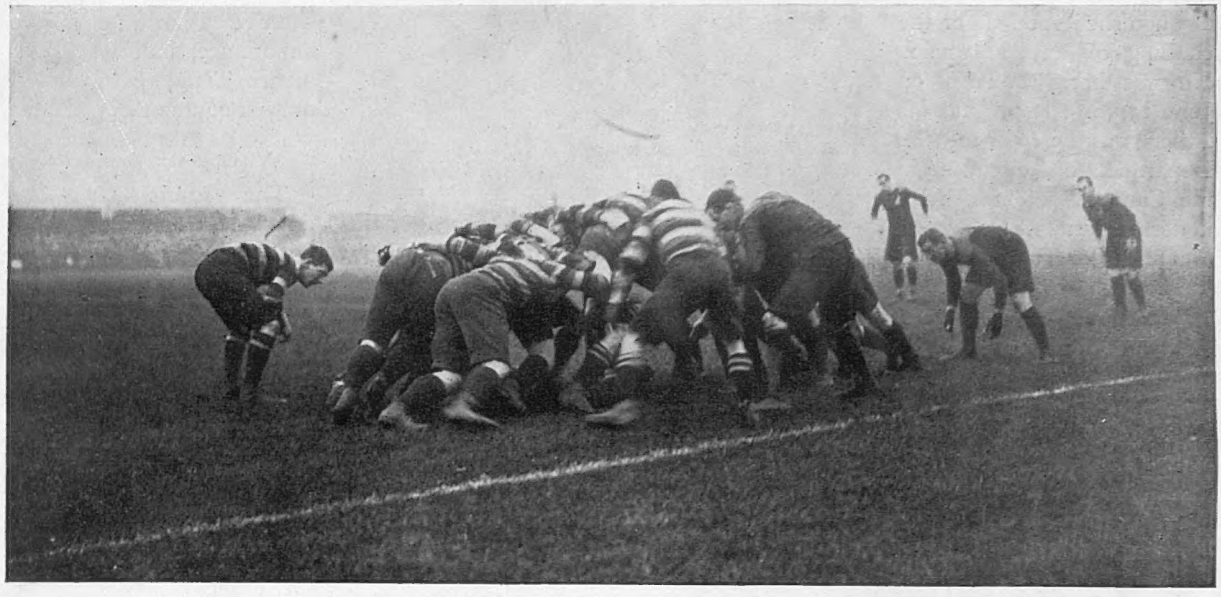
The Old Alleynians were unlucky in having none of their regular three-quarters out on Saturday, for they needed their best team in order to cope with the Old Leysians, who are decidedly strong this season. As it was, the Old Leysians managed to score 26 points (quite a remarkable total for a day like Saturday) to 9. Forward there was not much to choose between the teams, which were well led respectively by Norman Spicer and J. C. L. Farquharson, but behind the scrummage the Leysians were immensely superior, particularly on the right, where Oulton and Hosken nearly always managed to do something with the ball whenever it came their way. Oulton, in fact, scored three out of the five Old Leysian tries, besides placing four goals. Spicer's dropped goal from a mark was an especially neat one. Cambridge must indeed be

Rugby at Wandsworth: Old Leysians beat Old Alleynians by 5 goals 1 try to 3 tries

strong in backs if they can afford to leave out a man like Hosken. His play on Saturday, considering the state of the turf, was wonderfully sound, and he is a very hard worker.

**Several Good "Soccer" Games**

At the third time of asking the Old Cranleighans and Old Etonians managed to bring their tie in the Dunn Cup to an issue, the Old Cranleighans just getting home by 2 goals to 1. In C. W. Bosher the winners possess a thoroughly good centre-half, who would be an acquisition to any amateur team. If he has a fault it is that he shows a tendency to dribble sometimes when a pass would be the sounder play. The game furnished an illustration of the old adage that youth will be served. Eton's famous Goslings are hardly as formidable as they were. In Casuals *v.* Cambridge, which resulted in a draw, there was some good honest charging, but the ground was so bad and the ball so greasy that there was not much science displayed. Morgan Owen was the best half on the ground, but Pollock-Hodsoll also succeeded in bottling up E. G. D. Wright pretty effectually. On the Cambridge side, May played finely at back, Craig was best at half, and Cornelius certainly the best of the forwards, though R. A. Young's accurate centres must not be overlooked. Oxford gained an easy victory over West Norwood, who were not at full strength.



New Zealand beats Richmond, at Richmond, by 17 points to none: A scrum on the touch-line

**Hockey**

Cambridge look as if they are going to have something quite out of the common in the way of a hockey team. On Saturday they maintained their unbeaten record by a runaway victory over Willesden—12 to 1. Oxford also won their match—against the hitherto invincible Hampstead team—by 5 to 3, a good performance. Staines, playing in great form, gave the Hawks quite a hiding—7 goals to nothing; and Teddington beat Surbiton nearly as easily as they had beaten Kingston Hill the week before. Curiously enough, in the match between the second teams of these two last clubs, the result was the other way by exactly the same score (3—0).

**Lacrosse**

At Lord's on Saturday, in spite of the state of the ground, Woodford and West London had a good game, the former winning by 6 goals to 3; Hampstead and Lee, in a heavy-scoring game, drew at 9 all; and Snaresbrook beat Highgate 7 to 1. The Cambridge lacrosse team evidently appear anxious to live up to the reputation of their Rugger, Soccer, and Hockey allies, and look like succeeding, despite the fact that only a few of last year's twelve are left. Their latest achievement was the defeat of Willoughby by 7 to nil.

## OUR BRIDGE COMPETITION

Next week, as we announced in our last issue, we shall begin another Bridge Competition of the kind most popular among our readers—a Competition in Declarations. When we asked them last spring which form of Bridge Problem they preferred, an overwhelming majority of them pronounced in favour of problems in declaring. In the matter of the weekly prizes it is plain that an exceptionally good declarer might win them all. To prevent this, and to give every competitor the greatest possible chance of a prize, no one who has won a weekly prize will be eligible for another weekly prize during the Competition. The Competition will last for eight weeks, and the following prizes will be given:

**£7 7s. in Cash to the Competitor who gains the greatest number of Marks in the Eight Weekly Competitions.**
**First Prize (each week): Two Guineas**

SECOND AND THIRD PRIZES: "BYSTANDER" Bridge Case, value £1 1s.

# THE WORLD'S PAGEANT

### The Truth About Count Witte's Origin

Count Witte, a recent photograph of whom appears on this page, is not a man of humble or obscure origin, as has been so persistently stated in the British Press and in magazine articles. What he has attained he owes to his talents and enormous industry; but his family was influential and distinguished enough for the cradling of any statesman. He was born at Tiflis on June 17 (29), 1849, and his father was Director of the Department of Agriculture in the Caucasus. Through his maternal grandfather, General Andrei Fadeyeff, who married a Princess Dolgouruki, he is related to the Dolgourukis, to Madame Hahn (the Russian George Sand), and Madame Blavatsky. It is strange that ill-famed Kischineff, so lately the scene of loathsome atrocities, should have been the place of his early education. For, when his family removed to that town, he entered the gymnasium there, and rapidly developed extraordinary mathematical ability and strong personal characteristics. In 1866 he became a member of the new Russian University at Odessa, and left in 1870 with the degree of Candidate of the Physico-Mathematical Faculty. While an undergraduate he displayed strong leanings towards journalism, which he indulged until he had attained high official position. Before he took his degree he had helped to found the *Odessa New Russian Telegraph*, and had contributed to other journals.

**Count Witte**

Acting Foster-Mother to the Russian infant "Constitution"

### Witte's Rise to Greatness

He went into the service of the Odessa Branch of the South Western Railway in 1870, at a salary of £100 a year, but soon obtained a high position. He was Chief Superintendent of the Odessa line at the outbreak of the Russo-Turkish War. Flat disobedience during the war only furthered his success He became a director of the railway, was called to St. Petersburg to sit on Count Baranoff's Railway Commission, and in 1880 went to Kieff as head of the whole South Western system. When M. Vishnegradsky became Minister of Finance, he summoned M. Witte to St. Petersburg, where the latter filled post after post of importance, until the Portsmouth Treaty gave him his present supreme opportunity.

### A Countess in Court

The Courts have been drawing good houses lately. There have been long queues in front of the public entrances, and directly the policemen on duty have opened the gates there has been a rush of people, helter-skelter, up the stairs and along the corridor to Mr. Justice Kekewich's Court, where the star attraction has been the suit of the Countess of Shrewsbury against her husband. This suit has struck the note of comedy, and one cannot forbear a smile at the picture of the Lady Viola getting in through the window of Alton Towers, and helping the commissariat department by digging potatoes.

**The Earl and Countess of Shrewsbury**

Principals in a suit which has recently occupied the Courts and amused the public

*From a sketch in Court*

### A "Who? Who?" Honours List

A curious document is the latest Honours List. Some of the distinctions are quite apt and pleasing. The new title for the Princess Louise is popular. Nobody begrudges Earl Iveagh (*née* Guinness) the elevation to which his philanthropy entitles him; the honours of knighthood conferred on the Mayor of Portsmouth and on Professor Darwin seem suitable, while the earldom to Lord Windsor—chiefly notorious for excluding motors from the Park on summer afternoons—is a gracefully humorous recommendation on the part of the motoring Premier to his motoring Monarch. Notable, too, is the

# Birthday Honours

baronetcy conferred on Mr. John Coats, and the knighthood on Mr. James Knox, both of them wealthy, successful thread makers, though it would be interesting to know on which of their respective threads depends their claim to a title. Otherwise, the list is more brilliant than ever by its omissions, and merit is once again abjured to remember that it is its own reward.

### Lord Londonderry

The painful experience of falling under Mr. Chamberlain's public disfavour has come to the Marquess of Londonderry, sixth of the name, who has been saying that he is a Free Trader, and so, naturally, follows Mr. Balfour. He is one of the few peers who follow the old school which did not know which interested it most, politics or the turf. "Everything," said he plaintively once, "comes to him who waits; and some day the Derby may come to me." For as an owner he has not been lucky. Lord Londonderry is one of the hardest working and most methodical men in politics. He studies questions *au fond*, and revels in facts and figures; which should be remembered in connection with his appearance in the fiscal arena. A landlord to the extent of over fifty thousand acres, he has always been immensely popular with his tenants in the County Down, where the King and Queen have visited him at Mount Stewart. The Marquis and Lady Londonderry — who is one of the most famous hostesses in Europe — have also had the German Emperor and Empress as guests in Park Lane. Lord Londonderry has been Viceroy of Ireland, Chairman of the London School Board, Postmaster-General, President of the Board of Education, and Lord President of the Council. He is only fifty-three, and so may be much more in time.

**The Duke of Fife and his two daughters**

Upon whom, in celebration of the King's birthday, have been conferred the titles of Princess Alexandra (on the right of photo) and Princess Maud, with the rank of "Highness"

### The Rev. Edgar Sheppard

The popular Sub-Dean of the Chapels Royal (the Rev. Edgar Sheppard) is preparing for early publication the letters of the late Queen to the Duke of Cambridge and his replies thereto. Mr. Sheppard

*Photo by Whitlock*

**Earl Windsor**

Who has been elevated from a barony, is First Commissioner of Works, and an art critic

*Photo by Hailey*

**Mr. A. J. Forbes-Leith (created a Baron)**

The only new Peer in the list of Birthday Honours is a noted whip and member of the Coaching Club

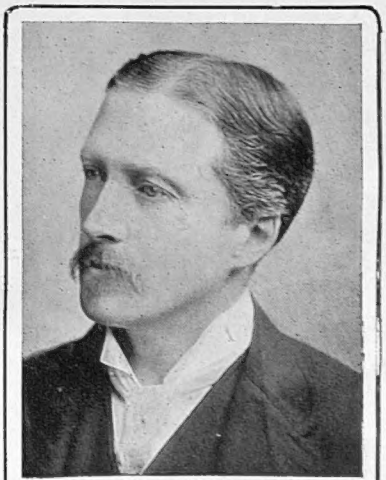


*Photo by Chancellor*

**Earl Iveagh**

The famous philanthropist, who has been raised in the peerage

# The Sub-Dean and the Spurious Sherry

enjoyed for many years the friendship and confidence of the late Duke of Cambridge, and he is, therefore, well fitted to carry out the great work he has in hand. It is interesting to note that every day, for forty years, Queen Victoria wrote to the late Duke of Cambridge at the War Office on Army affairs. Her grasp of military detail, as shown in these letters, was nothing short of marvellous. The Sub-Dean smiles under the burden of two sobriquets: "The Universal Marryer," from the fact that very few fashionable weddings take place at which the Sub-Dean is not there to officiate; while the children of the Prince and Princess of Wales, to whom he is religious tutor, address him affectionately, if rather unceremoniously, as "Subby."

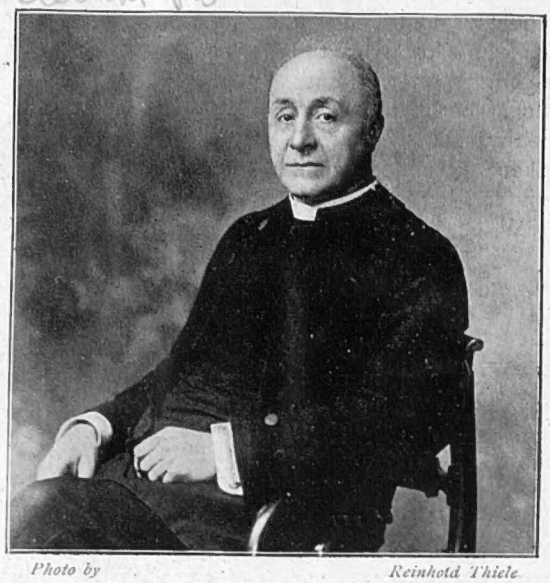


*Photo by* *Reinhold Thiele*

**Dr. Sheppard, Sub-Dean of the Chapel Royal**

Who is about to publish Queen Victoria's letters to the Duke of Cambridge

### The "Sub," Some Sherry, and Dr. Ingram

The coincidence of idea is, perhaps, not exactly logical, but the Bishop of London's discourse on drunkenness at St. Mary's Church, Oxford, recently, brings to mind very forcibly a tale told by Dr. Sheppard about that prelate. During the reign of Queen Victoria, and probably for many reigns before, it was the invariable custom at the Chapel Royal, St. James's, to open a bottle of the priceless old Madeira from the Buckingham Palace cellars in the vestry after service, whenever an outsider came to preach. It may well be imagined that the parsons of the early Victorian era were not at all averse to preaching there, for they received —and do to this day— no less than £40 down for their services and as much of the bottle of old Madeira as they liked, thrown in. However, some few years ago, not long after Dr. Sheppard was appointed Sub-Dean, the present Bishop of London came to the chapel to preach, and the usual Sunday morning bottle of sherry was opened. To the (lately confessed) surprise of the Sub-Dean, Dr. Winnington Ingram poured himself out a glass and put it to his lips. Directly he tasted it he pulled a wry face, with the remark that it was the rankest bad sherry that could possibly be bought. The Sub-Dean, who entirely disapproved of the practice of sherry bibbing after the slight exertion entailed in reading a sermon in the little chapel, had never even troubled to taste the wine himself; he only knew that many and many a visiting clerical brother had drunk it off without a word or even a grimace. So much for reputation! Of course, he had the whole affair investigated, for his visitor swore that the sherry offered him had never come from the Queen's cellars. He found that for years the verger—an old and trusted servant—had been substituting for the priceless Royal Madeira a bottle of the cheapest sherry procurable, and at the same time making a nice little nest-egg for himself by selling the bottles thus obtained from the Queen's cellar. After this little contretemps, however, the man was dismissed, and the Sub-Dean seized with alacrity the opportunity thus presented to him of putting an end to a practice of which he entirely disapproved.

*Photos by* *Beresford*

**Mr. Haldane, K.C.** **Mr. Asquith**

The new Liberal Lord Rectors of Edinburgh and Glasgow Universities. The former now returns the first Liberal for twenty-three years

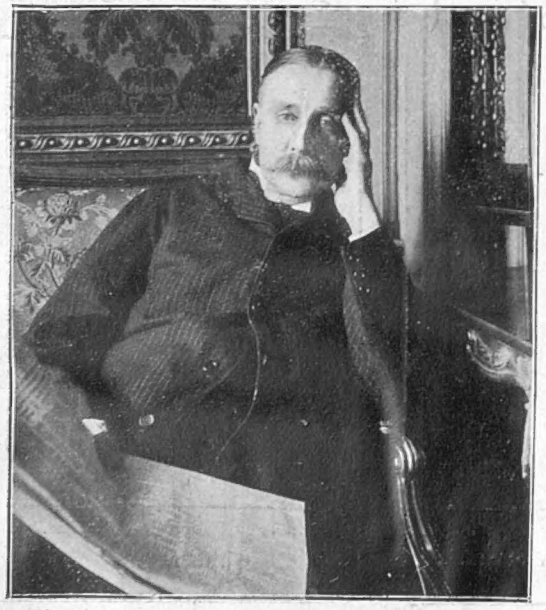


*Photo by* *Reginald Haines*

**The Marquess of Londonderry**

Whose views in favour of Free Trade have caused a flutter in the Unionist dovecot

# Our New Ambassador to Japan

### Sir Claude Macdonald

The raising of the British Minister at the Japanese Court to the rank of an Ambassador means much to Sir Claude Maxwell Macdonald, who was transferred from the British Legation at Pekin to Tokio after the "Boxer" troubles in 1900; a change from £5,000 to £4,000 a year. This will, no doubt, be rectified now. Sir Claude, who has seen through the most momentous period of Anglo-Japanese relations, including the treaty of 1902 and its renewal, is highly popular with the Japanese. He has had much to do with Orientals throughout his career, and was a distinguished military man before he took to diplomacy. Sir Claude, who is fifty-three, married in 1892 the widow of Mr. Craigie Robertson, of the Indian Political Service, and a daughter of the late Major W. Cairns Armstrong.

*Photo by* *Beresford*

**The new Lord Montagu of Beaulieu**

Who, as the Hon. John Scott Montagu, M.P., succeeded to the title upon the death of his father last week

### Lord Montagu of Beaulieu

The death of Lord Montagu of Beaulieu throws half the aristocracy into mourning, including, amongst others, the Dukes of Buccleuch, Norfolk, and Abercorn, the Marquis of Lowthian, who is brother to the new Lady Montagu, and the Earls of Shrewsbury and Wharncliffe. The late Lord Montagu was the first to hold the present title, it being granted to him by special remainder in succession to his maternal grandfather, the Duke of Montagu. He was a very considerate landlord, living almost entirely at his beautiful place, Palace House, at Beaulieu, near Brockenhurst, and was affectionately known among his tenants by the simple title of "the lord." He had great objections to allow building on his property, in spite of big offers from wealthy Southampton business men.

The new Peer, better known as the Hon. John Scott Montagu, is one of the most popular men of the day. He has for years represented the motoring interest in the House of Commons, and whenever he spoke on matters dealing with motoring, such as, for instance, when the speed limit was being debated, his views were always listened to attentively by the House. His versatility knows no bounds, for besides being the principal proprietor and actual editor of the *Car*, he has contributed to various journals on both motoring and sport He is a first-class shot, and has travelled far and wide in search of game. His favourite motor-car is a Daimler, and generally each week-end he seeks relaxation from his journalistic duties and the urgent demands of Party whips by running down to his place in the New

*Photos by*

**Sir Claude Macdonald**

**Lady Macdonald**

Sir Claude Macdonald has just been appointed first British Ambassador to Tokio

# The First Lady Engineer

Forest, or to a beautiful bungalow he built for himself facing the Isle of Wight. His Lordship was at one time a great rowing man, and stroked the Oxford boat some seventeen years ago. The accession of Lord Montagu may very probably see a Liberal returned for his late constituency, the New Forest.

**Miss Butticar, the first lady engineer**

This enterprising young Swiss lady was placed sixth on a list of two dozen engineering students at Lausanne University

**Enter—the Engineeress!**

Mlle. Cecile Butticar, whose photograph we are publishing, is, even in these days of strenuous femininity, somewhat original. She is the first woman in Europe to adopt engineering as a profession, having gained a diploma with honours in that branch of science at Lausanne University, and occupying the sixth position on the college list. What possesses the fair Swiss to adopt so masculine a profession, and one, too, which must be so bad for the complexion, hands, hair, eyes, nose, and, in fact, everything that really matters, has not yet transpired. Neither do we know whether Mlle. Butticar's ambitions are in the direction of Alpine tunnelling, rock blasting, mining, or bridge-building. Perhaps, however, the fair Swiss only intends to be mildly mechanical. She may be merely ambitious to become a telephone girl, with a knowledge of the inner workings of the business. Certainly any acquisition of intelligence in such a quarter will be welcome, and we sincerely hope that we are right in crediting Mlle. Butticar with such an intention.

**A Regimental Run in India**

The second battalion of the Connaught Rangers recently proved that, whatever may be said of the lassitude and degeneration of the Army generally cannot be applied to them. In a temperature of 90 degrees in the shade, at Ahmednagar, in India, an eight-mile cross-country, long-distance competition took place last month. Eighty-one out of ninety men finished within the hour, and all had

**Athletics in the Army. The 2nd Battalion Connaught Rangers at Ahmednagar, Deccan, India**

The men in the above group competed in an eight miles cross-country race, when some fine times were made. The first two men to finish ran almost a dead heat in 46min. 27secs, Private Sullivan, "B" Company (on left, as you face the picture, of the back row), winning by a short head from Private Reilly, "B" Company (second from the left of the fourth row)

# Who Killed Edwin Drood?

finished in one hour and three minutes. The competition was inter-company, and the winners were Private Sullivan (B Company) first, and Private Reilly (F Company) second. We may well be proud of a regiment which can run like this—in peace time.

### The Death of Edwin Drood

Among the literary controversies of the last generation, quite a respectable place is held by the question of "Who killed Edwin Drood?" It has been alternately raised and dropped and raised again for about thirty-five years, ever since Dickens, by his death, left his famous mystery unsolved. To Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A, the celebrated artist, a portrait of whom appears herewith, falls the credit of saying what should be the last word about this Cock Robin of literature. "Who killed Edwin Drood?" Jasper killed Edwin Drood—strangled him—with the double necktie he wore round his neck! The authority for the statement was none other than Dickens himself. Mr. Fildes, in drawing Jasper, had represented him as wearing a little black tie, and had asked Dickens if there were any reason for altering this. Dickens, after cogitation, replied, "Can you keep a secret?" and on receiving the famous artist's affirmative, added the momentous words, "I must have the double necktie! It is necessary, for Jasper strangles Edwin Drood with it."

**Mr. Luke Fildes, R.A.**

Who, as the illustrator of the monthly parts of "Edwin Drood," has said the last word upon the discussion about the way in which Dickens intended to end the story

**The riots at Prague**

Prague, the capital of Bohemia, which was, last week, the scene of serious rioting between Czechs and Germans—provoked, doubtless, by the revolution in Russia—is one of the most beautiful cities of Europe. It has a highly picturesque site, and the city is one of lofty towers, cathedrals, palaces, bridges, lovely gardens, and noble parks, and here it is that one sees the "Bohemian" as he really is

# At the Tivoli

At half-past eight of an evening last week there was very little doing outside the Tivoli. This appeared strange, considering the long list of notabilities printed upon the bills in the lobby of the theatre. The mystery was soon solved. The people were all comfortably packed inside. They are an early audience at the Tivoli. They come for the first turn, and linger regretfully when the curtain descends upon the last. Mr. Harry Randall was engaging the attention of the audience when we took possession of the last two vacant stalls.

Mr. Randall fiercely declaimed against the marriage institution. If Mr. Randall's views upon matrimony are sound, every bachelor ought to breathe a sigh of relief as at grave dangers escaped. But it is well known that when a man is bent upon matrimony nothing in the world will stop him making the plunge. So one is seized with the depressing thought that Mr. Randall's *exposé* of marriage with terrible females (when the comedian talks of his wife his expression is so wry that everyone laughs) is all to no purpose. This is a sad thought, and induces a strain of melancholy which leads one to attempt to discover other *raisons d'être* for the comedian. If he cannot save us from matrimony in what other direction does his usefulness lie? He must have been evolved in order to counteract the general gloominess of the world. One cannot conceive the presence of a comedian in Arcady. There the people must have laughed at and with each other through sheer lightness of heart.

Now, when life is so gloomy, it becomes a necessity for people to bask in the humour of the professional comedian. As the world becomes drearier, the conditions of life more depressing, the need for this form of relaxation will become the greater. It is terrible to contemplate what would be the consequences of a dearth of comedians. Of a dearth of subjects upon which to exercise their humour there is no fear. Matrimony, the mother-in-law, and the latch-key, are mines incapable of being exhausted.

An impression of Mr. George Robey at the Tivoli

But all this time I had better been employed paying tribute to the delightful Follies, with their irresistibly funny and entirely good-natured skits, upon musical comedy, upon Wagnerian music, upon topics of the day. They are a whimsical lot.

Immediately over the box-office window there was a notice praying the kind indulgence of the audience owing to the unavoidable absence of Mr. Wilkie Bard. I was annoyed, because Fate is always conspiring to prevent me from seeing Mr. Bard. But Mr. Bert Gilbert, with a thoroughly amusing sketch, took the sting out of the disappointment. Mr Gilbert appeared as an inebriated and very cheerful passenger, whose demeanour had a mad dening effect upon an irritable railway official. Quite a funny turn. Mr. T. E. Dunville, in the quaint mediæval garb of a varlet, made the most humorous faces, and I laughed so much that I could not hear what he was singing about.

Miss Harriet Vernon, with the engaging smile, appeared first in the gorgeous habiliments of a Pantomime boy. Then the stage hands put down a crimson carpet, and she appeared in a shaded lilac dress, with lilac scenery and a lilac song, "Lily, my Lilac Lady," to match. The whole effect was most striking. Mr. Arthur Roberts and company came next. I have seen the incomparable Arthur to better advantage. And then George Robey as a *bonne bouche*. George Robey, as a bashful dresser of uncertain age making a first appearance upon the boards, made us weep with merriment, and has inspired the artist-man.

E. C. S.

## At the Alhambra

Even if you arrive late at the Alhambra, you can get your money's worth. Number Nine was just commencing when I got there. The programme told me that Number Nine was a new romantic Spanish scena, entitled "Lucerito." Its two scenes provide an effective setting for that graceful dancer, Maria La Bella. This dark-eyed Senorita can dance —now fiercely, with a characteristically Spanish shake

**Mr. Harry Fragson**

An English comedian with a great reputation in Paris, who will be the star in the Drury Lane pantomime this year

of the head; now slowly, swaying her body to her own castanet accompaniment. La Bella is quite good; her dancing has a snap and a go about it not unlike that of Otero.

Number Ten rejoiced in the title, "Urbanora," which, apparently, is Esperanto for "We put the world before you.' Football is the most important thing in this world; the New Zealanders are the premier team. This cinematograph performance rightly, then, began with a stirring football match, in which the New Zealanders triumphed. "Urbanora" also showed us the various arrangements made by the Whitstable Oyster Companies for the comfort and welfare of the succulent "native." The popular ballet, "My Lady Nicotine," with its excellent and varied dances, closes the programme. M. R.

### The Dual Management at the Court Theatre

Unanimity is the keystone of the dual management of the Court Theatre, under Messrs. Vedrenne and Granville Barker, whether it concerns the choice of a play, the casting of the company, or the cost of the production. Mr. Vedrenne has not always been moving in the theatrical world. He devoted the earlier years of his youth to commercial pursuits as a ship and insurance broker in Newport and Cardiff, while he carried on the duties of Spanish Vice-Consul at the latter port. But, being attracted by his artistic tastes to come to London, he associated himself with Mr. Schulz Curtius in operatic agency work. From the position of business manager to Mr. J. H. Leigh he became lessee of the theatre, and entered partnership with Mr. Granville Barker, which has been attended by such great success.

*Photo by Mills*

**Mr. J. E. Vedrenne**

### Where Shall We Go To-Night?

"Bystander" Theatre Guide

Drury Lane, at 8: *The Prodigal Son.*—A good play for wives to take neglectful husbands to

His Majesty's, at 8: *Oliver Twist.*—Adaptation a series of excellent "bits," especially Mr. Tree's Fagin.

Haymarket, at 8.30: *Privy Council.*—Neat Pepysian piece. 9.10: *Lucky Miss Dean.*—Successfully produced in town, was whisked off to the country, and now returns to town with Charles Hawtrey in the cast.

Garrick, at 8: *The Merchant of Venice.*—Beautifully staged, and an interesting reading of Shylock from Mr. Bourchier.

Adelphi, at 8.30: *Dr. Wake's Patient.*—The posters give a good idea of this sentimental comedy.

St. James's, at 8.30: *The Housekeeper.*—Mr. and Mrs. Kendal in a well-fitting play.

Wyndham's, at 8.45: *Public Opinion.*—An amusing farce, in which a judge, a solicitor, a doctor, and others, search for compromising letters throughout three acts.

New, at 9; *Captain Drew on Leave.*—Quite a successful play from that successful cherub among playwrights, Hubert Henry Davies.

Court, at 8.15: *Man and Superman.*—Intending Benedicks should see it before taking the plunge.

Duke of York's, at 8.15: *Sherlock Holmes.*—Mr. William Gillette talks in this version.

Imperial, at 8.15: *The Temptation of Samuel Burge.*—New farce by W. W. Jacobs and Frederick Fenn. At 8.45: *The Perfect Lover.*—An ethical play, with good situations and well acted. Sutro spells success.

Waldorf, at 8.45: *Lights Out.*—Good strong play from a German source.

Scala: At 8.15, *Carro's;* at 9, *Mrs. Grundy.*—Madeleine Lucette Riley's new play.

Shaftesbury, at 8.30: *The Walls of Jericho.*—A permanency. May move to another theatre, but will never stop.

Musical plays at Daly's, Criterion, Gaiety, Lyric, Prince of Wales's.—Take them in order named.

### Mr. Harry Fragson

Mr. Harry Fragson, who is to be the star performer at Drury Lane pantomime this year, is said to be extremely nervous at appearing in his own country. He is a Londoner who went to Paris, and by the time another Englishman would be still in the Parley-Voo stage, he was writing songs, well sprinkled with the idioms of the street. M. 'Arry, who is most popular in Paris, is said to possess a voice of a quality not usually possessed by the average comedian.

*Photo by Mills*

**Mr. Granville Barker**

THE SUCCESSFUL DUAL MANAGEMENT AT THE COURT THEATRE

# Iceland As It Is

*This impression of Iceland, from the pen of a writer who has resided in the country for the past few months, is of especial interest now that "The Prodigal Son," at Drury Lane, has drawn attention to a country so little known to English people*

Iceland is a country where nature is supreme. Everything is on a Titanic scale, glaciers covering hundreds of miles stretch down shining fingers of virgin ice to the smiling valley beneath, where fairy dells give shelter to numberless ryper (a species of grouse) and plover, so tame and fearless of men that the only difficulty is to prevent them roosting on one's bed when one is camping out.

Magnificent waterfalls swell the mighty rivers teeming with salmon, geysers throw up columns of boiling water, colouring the margins of the streams in every brilliant hue, and cauldrons of sulphur mud sizzle in the basins they have hollowed out for themselves. Lava from mountains now resting—not extinct—takes upon itself the most curious forms—ostrich feathers, coils of rope, gigantic ferns, mill-stones—and we often rode for days together over fields of pumice stone without even one blade of grass to vary the monotony.

Reykjavik is disappointing after the magnificent coast scenery, with its background of snow-capped mountains. Everything is grey, and the whole city seems inextricably mixed up with lava mud and the water of the harbour.

A few houses are of stone, most are of turf and lava blocks, but galvanized iron is rapidly superseding all building material, adding to the general look of depression that pervades houses and people alike. The only patches of colour are the flowers in the windows The Icelanders are a fine, broad-shouldered race, fair-haired and blue-eyed, with the set look that comes from perpetually battling with the forces of nature. The girls are pretty, in their short cloth skirts, showing yellow skin moccasins, their bodices richly embroidered in gold and silver, clasped at the waist with ornaments of filagree work, and the coquettish little "húfa," or cap of black silk, with handsome tassel and quaint gold tube. They are shy and diffident, occupying themselves with housework, and not very much interested in outside affairs, which are left to the men. An Icelandic farmhouse looks very imposing, the many-gabled front of wood, built on layers of turf and lava, usually four to five feet in thickness, stretching out a long distance. But this is rather deceptive, for the living-rooms consist only of a bedroom, kitchen, and sometimes a guest-chamber, the rest being made up of store-rooms, bowers, and outhouses, each under its own roof. The roofs are covered with turf, laid on laths, and soon get covered with a luxuriant crop of grass, which is mown and made into hay for the winter.

**Iceland Girl's National Dress**

The picturesque garb of the young lady of the snows, which is decorative without being chilly

**View of Reykyavik, capital of Iceland, with the Mayor's house in the foreground**

The capital of Iceland has a population of 3,000, and is a quaint mixture of mud and modernity, containing much galvanised iron and little gaiety. It is practically the only town in the island

# Jiu-Jitsu for Paris Police Agents

**Ré-Nié, the Expert, putting an arm-lock on the Police Inspector**

Jiu-jitsu now forms part of the regular training of the Paris police agent. The above photograph shows an Inspector of Police receiving a lesson at the hands—or rather at the feet—of M. Ré-Nié, the celebrated Jiu-jitsu expert, who is holding him immovably to the ground. Resistance to this lock would result in the arm being broken

*Photos by*] **The Police Inspector putting an arm-lock on Ré-Nié, the Expert** [*Rol and Co.*

The Police Inspector holding Ré-Nié to earth. The latter gentleman, by the way, was recently invited by one of the societies of "Apaches" (Hooligans) to accept their Presidency, and lead them in Jiu-jitsu battles with the police, but he declined the honour

**Florinda and Her Companions** **From the Painting by Franz Xaver Winterhalter**

Reproduced from "The King's Pictures" (Vol. I., Buckingham Palace Collection), by permission of the publisher, Mr. William Heinemann

### The King's Pictures

This painting was a special favourite with Queen Victoria, who purchased it and presented it to H.R.H. Prince Albert on his birthday in 1852. The scene depicts Florinda, Count Julian's daughter, and her companions in the garden of a palace, observed by Don Roderick. The tragic disaster arising from the betrayal of Florinda by Roderick forms the subject of Southey's poem, "Don Roderick, the Last of the Goths." The artist, who studied at Munich and Rome, settled in Paris, where he became painter to King Louis Philippe, and later to the Emperor Napoleon III. and Princess Eugénie. Paul Delaroche, who painted the Napoleon, reproduced on the opposite page, was a pupil of Baron Gros, and died in Paris, 1856. For long, all historical painting in England was based on his style.

# The King's Pictures

## TWENTY-GUINEA EDITION DE LUXE OF THE ROYAL COLLECTION

**Napoleon at Fontainbleau, March 31, 1814. By Paul Delaroche**

Reproduced from "The King's Pictures" (Vol. I.—Buckingham Palace Collection), by permission of the publisher, Mr. William Heinemann

The Royal Collection dates back to the reign of Henry VIII. At the accession of James I. there were already pictures of great value by Holbein, Antonio Moro, Gheeraerts, and others. The Civil War did great damage to the collection, many priceless works by Titian, Raphael, Correggio, and others, being sold abroad. Charles II. and James II. added little beyond a few portraits by Lely. The first two Georges were no lovers of art, but the eldest son of George II. made many important purchases, and it was through his influence that George III. purchased an extensive collection of paintings by Venetian artists of the eighteenth century—Canaletto, Zuccarelli, and others. On the accession of King Edward VII., the Royal Collection was completely revised and re-arranged

# The Library

## BOOKS TO ORDER THIS WEEK

"The Life of Walt Whitman." By Henry Bryan Binns. (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net.)

"Kate Greenaway." By M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard. Beautifully illustrated with reproductions from the artist's work in line and colour. (A. and C. Black: 20*s.*)

"Japan: From the Old to the New." By R. S. Webster. (Partridge: 6*s.*)

"Biography for Beginners." Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton. (T. Werner Laurie: 6*s.*)

On a letter to Mrs. Frederick Locker-Lampson
Drawing by Kate Greenaway

Those who learnt to spell from the old-fashioned "Mavor's Spelling Book," will recall with gratitude the pleasure given by its charming illustrations, which did so much to make this dreaded task more bearable, and to them "Kate Greenaway," by M. H. Spielmann and G. S. Layard (A. and C. Black: 20*s.* net), will bring a train of delightful reminiscences. The effects of Kate Greenaway's art were more far-reaching than so quiet and simple a person could ever have dreamed of, and even to-day one hardly sees a child whose dress does not bear some characteristic of the Greenaway vogue. And yet there never was a more unobtrusive personality than that of the artist herself, who was so little seen in the great world which would have delighted in "lionizing" her. A French critic once declared it to be his suspicion that "Kate Greenaway must really have been an angel, who would now and then visit this green earth only to leave a new picture-book for the children and then fly away again." The great stimulus in Kate Greenaway's life, apart from her art, was her friendship with John Ruskin, who thought highly of her genius, and on one occasion declared that in her drawings, "You have the radiance and innocence of reinstated infant divinity showered again among the flowers of English meadows." The illustrations, both in colour and in the well-known black and white line, with which this volume is so abundantly furnished, bear out the great critic's every word. The reproductions are done in Messrs. Black's best style, and alone make the book a thing of beauty. But it has other treasures for which the literary student will be grateful, including as it does a large number of letters from Ruskin, never before published. What a nimble wit this dictatorial old gentleman had when writing to those he loved. Who can imagine the stern old moralist, who has incurred the dislike of every healthy girl by his "Sesame and Lilies," writing such a letter as the following:—

On a letter to Ruskin
Drawing by Kate Greenaway

You are *not* to put any more sugar-plums of sketches in your letters—as if they weren't sweet enough without. Besides, I can't have you wasting your time and wits in that scattered dew of fancy. You must really gather yourself into a real rivulet between banks in perspective—and reflect everything truly that you see.

You absurd Kate, to think I was tired of your drawings. I was only tired of seeing the corners unfinished—you're nearly as bad as me, that way. Now be a good girl, and draw some flowers that won't look as if their leaves had been in curl-papers all night—and some more chairs—with the shade all right, and the legs all square—and then I'll tell you what you must do next.

On a letter to Ruskin
Drawing by Kate Greenaway

From this it will be seen that Ruskin exercised a great influence over Kate Greenaway, and there is no doubt that his friendship and advice were eagerly sought for in everything—art included. This book contains literature and art, both of the brightest description, and bearing the happiest relationship to each other.

"Who is Walt Whitman?" is not so common a question now as it was in England during Whitman's life-time, for there are few people who have not felt their blood leap at his "Song of the Open Road." American literature is becoming much more widely read in this country, though it is surprising to find that so many people who are always on the quest for "good things" are so lamentably ignorant of such modern work as the nature-writings of John Burroughs and the novels of James Lane Allen. Whitman, however, is taking his place, and there are few private libraries now which have not their copy of "Leaves of Grass." Whitman's bold dictum that nothing in nature was impure was too much for the England of fifty years ago, when the Nonconformist Conscience was much more rampant than now, and yet its frank, healthy sanity would seem enough to commend it to any but the unclean. "The Life of Walt Whitman," by Henry Bryan Binns (Methuen: 10*s.* 6*d.* net), comes at an opportune time, for it should do much to keep Whitman from again falling into neglect. It is the biography of a man who was a force in his generation.

G. F. J.

Drawing by Kate Greenaway

# A BOOKMAN'S GOSSIP

**Japan Once More**

Although most of my recent reading has been of the kind described as "light," I have contrived to sandwich in an occasional book of another class, and there is one I should like to mention which I have found quite as light and entertaining as any novel. When I add that it deals with Japan, my statement may seem surprising, as Japanese books have become something of a bore during the last year or two. Mr. R. G. Webster is, for that reason, the more to be congratulated on the production of a thoroughly interesting and admirably written work on so hackneyed a theme. In "Japan: From the Old to the New" (Partridge: 6*s.*) he has wisely maintained a strong personal note, and his lively descriptions of life in that country thirty years ago, where he travelled before the railroad had reached far inland, contrasted with his more recent experiences, are not only interesting, but valuable. He is evidently an ardent believer in "our gallant allies of Dai Nippon," to whom he dedicates his book, which, by the way, is a model of good workmanship in printing, binding, and illustration. Mr. Webster, who is a well-known barrister-at-law, was for thirteen years Member of Parliament for East St. Pancras.

**Abyssinian Chief and followers in "Review Order"**

From "With the Abyssinians in Somaliland." By Major J. Willes Jennings and Christopher Addison. (Hodder and Stoughton)

**The Eternal Feminine**

Probably it is because marriage is the great climax of woman's life that our lady novelists find it so hard to write of any other subject, for it would be difficult, indeed, to name a novel by a lady which allows for other interests in the world than love and marriage. In the past, it used to be that the hero and heroine had their quarrels and misunderstandings in the first twenty-three chapters, and got married in the twenty-fourth, to "live happily ever after." But now the fashion seems to be to get them married in the first chapter, and let them live unhappily for the remainder; or, at most, to have the couples re-arranged and re-married differently at the end! Two recent novels which have come my way fit in with this description; namely, "The Tower of Siloam" (Rivers: 6*s.*), by Mrs. Henry Graham, and "As Dust in the Balance" (Rivers: 6*s.*), by Mrs. H. H. Penrose. I cannot possibly spare the space to outline these two stories, the first of which is the more involved in plot, and only by summarising them could I convey an adequate idea of their treatment. I can do no more, therefore, than give an impression. Mrs. Penrose seems to me the stronger writer, as her story is the more steadily handled, while it has a deeper note of fatalism than Mrs. Graham's, which, at least, out of all the marital miseries so frankly described, extracts in the end some hope of happiness and does even, if negatively, remind us that "better is a dinner of herbs where love is, than a stalled ox and hatred therewith." I am not prepared to say that these stories are untrue to life; for, indeed, in every detail they might have happened; but I do consider that they are not the pleasantest of my recent reading. With any previous work of Mrs. Graham's I am not familiar, but it seems to me that Mrs. Penrose is by way of coming into her kingdom as a novelist of marked and individual power, as this new story of hers, which is less dominated by a "purpose," has hardly anything of the exaggeration one remembers in some of the characters of her otherwise admirably written tale, "The Modern Gospel," which appeared about six or seven years ago. There was a lighter touch, perhaps, in "The Love that Never Dies," but this new novel confirms her as a writer to be noted among the ranks of our newer novelists.

**A Bit of Light Comedy**

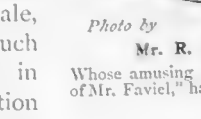
This is, I think, no bad description of a very delightful book I have been reading, which came to me as a not unwelcome change from the less agreeable atmosphere of the two novels just noticed. Mr. R. E. Vernède is a writer with whose short stories I have passed many pleasant moments, but "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel" (Rivers: 6*s.*) is, I fancy, his first attempt at a long novel, and he may be fairly congratulated on a success. It is no small matter to be entertaining for upwards of 300 pages, to keep the fun going, and to manœuvre adroitly so many characters as Mr. Vernède introduces into his comedy. But he does this admirably, and he almost succeeds in justifying for humorous prose Coleridge's uncanonical theory of poetry: "The perfection of which is, to communicate from each part the greatest immediate pleasure compatible with the largest sum of pleasure on the whole." For his story is not only humorous as a whole, but abounds in episodes and scenes which, taken individually, are instinct with that quality. It would never do to disclose the wager

and its quaint working-out which form the pivot of the story, but Faviel gets his Judith, as we feel certain from the first he will, and everybody, including the reader, is at the end delighted; as O'Levin said, "there was nothing left to wish for." This O'Levin is one of the many amusing folk to whom the novelist introduces us: an Irishman who edits "The Earliest Evening Paper in London," and speaks in just such a charming brogue as an editor who once did edit an evening paper in London has not quite got rid of, though there is no attempt whatever in O'Levin to reproduce anything of the character of a living editor. Gaiety is the order of Mr. Vernède's tale, and we can be doing with many such wholesome and amusing novels in these days when writers of fiction are a thought inclined to over-seriousness. I can warmly commend "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel" to readers in quest of a racy book which does not worry one with the grey, grim problems of existence.

*Photo by Elliott and Fry*

**Mr. R. E. Vernède**

Whose amusing novel, "The Pursuit of Mr. Faviel," has just been published



### "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle"

It is a nice point how far it is justifiable to print and issue to the public volumes of private letters, other than those of historical or literary value. A man or woman may, in the course of their lives, have encountered many famous people, and observed the inner movements of politics and Society, about which they may have written freely to their friends; but are these letters necessarily of value? If so, what masses of superfluous tomes would litter our bookshelves, and those of the second-hand bookseller. Whatever the reading public may decide on that point, human nature will out. Private letters, no matter how lacking in importance, *do* attract the average being, and there are few species of books with which one better likes to be left alone in idle moments than volumes of them. Such a work, for instance, as "Mrs. Brookfield and Her Circle" (Pitman: 28*s.* net.; 2 vols.), one opens and devours—in parts—greedily. The brilliant hostess of the middle of the last century, the wife of the popular cleric, the Rev. W. H. Brookfield, was indeed fortunate in her "circle." Imagine it! On terms of friendship with, and in the confidence of, Tennyson, Gladstone, Carlyle, Palmerston, Thackeray, Wordsworth, Browning, to mention only a few of the persons of whom one gets glimpses in these volumes. A word or two with Gladstone over fish dinners in the forties (when he was, even then, wobbling over the Irish question), and after dinner conversations with Carlyle at his prime, a glance at "Pam" at the moment when Royalty "kicked him downstairs," of Thackeray in his leisure between books, and of many another mid-Victorian celebrity. If the books throw no new light on political and literary history, we are, nevertheless, given, through them, several intimate peeps at the personalities of those whom we now know merely as household words.

The Abbé Liszt
Hit the piano with his fist.
That was the way
*He* used to play

From "Biography for Beginners." Illustrated by G. K. Chesterton

### Mr. G. K. Chesterton—Artist

It seems a little unfair that a writer already sufficiently gifted as is Mr. G. K. Chesterton should invade the realms of black and white, and put so many of its struggling and uninspired workers to shame. In "Biography for Beginners" (T. Werner Laurie: 6*s.*), "G. K. C." shows that he can be as humorous with a pencil as with a pen. Here we have a book written, as we are informed, for the use of upper forms, in which there is a happy union between letterpress and illustration. Both are imbued with the spirit of audacious impishness. Now the verse scores, again the drawings. There is a cool and refreshing disregard of metre in the one, of anatomical proportions in the other. This work, which should be a lesson to writers of biography — they might disregard dulness for a change—is edited by E. Clerihew. It is with no little pleasure that we draw aside the curtain which hides the great unsigned from the public, and reveal this gentleman as the writer of the series of articles in The Bystander "Concerning" prominent personages of the day, but nothing in this brilliant series can quite come up to this editing of Erasmus:

After dinner, Erasmus
Told Colet not to be "blas'mous,"
Which Colet, with some heat,
Requested him to repeat.

### "The Book of the Peach"

It is a generally accepted maxim in the horticultural world that the present generation of gardeners do not understand the culture of the peach as well as their forefathers did. Mr. H. W. Ward, F.R.H.S., in the above excellent handbook upon peach culture, has gone a great way towards "changing all that." "The Book of the Peach" (Walter Scott: 5*s.*) is an excellent manual for the cultivator. Written in delightfully simple language, it contains the most thorough instructions for the successful cultivation of a fruit, which, considering the many favourable aspects in the walled-in gardens of England, is far too little grown. Of Mr. Ward's qualifications to write upon this fascinating subject it is necessary to mention but one—his record as a successful exhibitor of choice hot-house and wall fruits at the annual summer and autumn shows during his twenty-five years' tenure of the position of head gardener over the Longford Castle gardens, Salisbury.

OUR SHORT STORY

# When It Was Nearly Dark

A Pointless Story. By LEONARD POMEROY

"Vous croyez, monsieur, que votre fable est neuve ?
Elle est neuve à la façon du Pont-Neuf."

Mackenzie stretched himself along a deck-chair beneath the thorn-tree. His companion lay in a hammock, rocking herself towards and away from him with a slow and rhythmic motion. The June night wind blew softly between them, like the breathing of a child in summer sleep.

Away down by the rose garden her husband was strolling, hands in pockets and pipe in mouth. Rosie guessed to herself that he was thinking of her, thinking of what an excellent little wife she was, and how pleasant it was to have for a friend a man like Mackenzie—straightest man going, Mackenzie, and a sort of tame cat in the house; always welcome; coming when he liked and going when he listed; never a nuisance.

This husband of hers was quite nice too. He was kind and stupid, and often boring. She wasn't more than nineteen—only half his age—and sometimes during the last few months there had stolen over her a sense of depression and melancholy, bad blue devils, for whose presence she could never account.

Mackenzie had arrived to-day to stay a long time, and she was glad to have him there.

He sprawled in his chair, happy. The weather was the best of a good Hampshire variety, his host as kind and dull as ever, and Rosie as charming. He and she had known each other so long that there was no studied politeness between them. If out of temper he was often rude to her, and she would only laugh at him. His selfish whims of bachelordom were pandered to here, and that was why he liked the house better than any others he stayed at—at least he thought that was the reason. To-night the dinner had been good, the nightingales were singing somewhere away down in the shrubbery, and all breathed peace and happiness. With a blizzard raging, I had been cheated of a story, but the soft western breeze came up instead, warmly scented from the common, with its wealth of gorse-bloom—from where the sun, just sliding down, had glazed the fern with gold and covered the woods with purple.

The hammock swung higher, and nearer, perforce, to Mackenzie, and her husband had disappeared through the roses into the coming night. Mackenzie was not a Scotchman, by the way, in spite of his name. Everything was still, save for the droning of cockchafers hurtling by, or the bark of a dog in a distant forest village. Everything was still, and everything seemed good and nice. I am sure these two were; I knew them both so well. But the hammock was swaying rhythmically, and the night was soft and clinging; the cockchafers droned

"Oh, God! Why this?" the man was moaning

sympathy, and the path through the rose garden seemed very far away.

It was a pity that her husband just loved her for the good and pretty girl she was. A sad pity that he possessed no tastes in common with her own; stupid, perhaps, to marry one so much older than oneself! Neither spoke these things, of course; possibly neither thought them; but she felt, for a moment, a weight upon her heart which lifting, left her happier than she had ever been.

The hammock was still swinging, and the cockchafers were still droning. They could hear her husband calling to his dog, down by the pond in the park—he was half a mile away from them now.

A bat was wheeling round and coming near them sometimes in its silky flight. Suddenly it seemed to brush her face with waving wings; they each stretched out a hand towards it; the were-mouse escaped—but those hands met, and, meeting, clasped.

Pity them, I suppose one must, though the night was too fine to be spoilt by folly.

A moment or two later she was leaning by the thorn-tree, crying dreadfully, and the deck-chair knew Mackenzie no more. He stood, with clenched hands,

(*All rights strictly reserved*)

breathing hard, but never approaching her. Both knew all now—by a subtle something in that spontaneous hand-clasp each had discovered and divulged a terrible secret

The wicked bat still whirled around; the cock-chafers still sang their song seductive.

"Oh, God! Why this?" the man was moaning; for all his peace of mind had gone from him.

And then he leant towards her, whispering, in a strange dead voice, "He is my friend—a man that was always true to me, and he loves you, Rosie!" He groaned again; his heart was breaking. Years separated the present from his careless past. A silence crept upon them, which grew appalling, till at length she spoke.

"There is only one thing to do," she said, "tell me, Mac; speak, Mac, and tell me."

She waited trembling, for were his answer heaven or hell she knew that it must bind her.

But he could not speak, and she—the woman is often the stronger if given the initiative—admonished him again and saved the situation. "He is a good man, and he loves me; there is only one thing to be done; you know what that is, Mac?"

Perforce obedient, and secretly a little disappointed, he bowed his head. "It was born when we played together as children, Rosie," he said. "I see it now; why not before, Heaven only knows. It was born then, but must die to-night; I must never see you again—unless——"

"There can be no 'unless,'" she whispered.

"Then, I will go away to-morrow."

He leaned forward, and placing his hand upon her shoulders, drew her softly towards him and kissed her reverently upon her brow. That was all, and they took their way through the gloom to the pond in the park to join her husband.

It was almost dark as they lifted the latch of the iron gate in the shrubbery and passed into the park. They strolled unemotionally towards the pond, these stoical young people. Rosie's husband was there. They came up behind him.

"There is someone with him," said Mackenzie, peering through the gloom. "Who is it?"

The dying day had lingered on the surface of the water. A little reflected light revealed the figure of the man they sought. A big girl was standing by him. His arm was around her waist and her head was upon his shoulder. Like that they were watching for carp to rise in the pond

"It is Rachel, the bailiff's daughter," whispered Rosie. "They say she's the handsomest young woman in Hampshire. They haven't heard us yet. Shall we turn back?"

They turned back, and went into the shrubbery again through the little iron gate.

LEONARD POMEROY.

## HIGH SEAS ON THE SOUTH COAST

**The "Silver Sea" kicks up a shine at Hastings**

Recent heavy gales have added to the excitement of life in our English watering-places, the promenaders gathering in force to watch the great waves dash against the Esplanade

A STUDY IN CAWS AND EFFECT

*DRAWN BY W. A. BOWRING*

# The Royal Tour of India: Oodeypore

Gateway to Palace Oodeypore

OODEYPORE, which is this week to be visited by the Prince of Wales—"the City of Sunrise"—is one of India's beauty-spots, the country in which it is the chief town being known as "the Lake District of India." The Royal Palace, the gateway to which is shown above, is a striking structure of granite and marble overlooking the lake. The picture below gives an idea of the truly magnificent situation of the city, which contain 46,383 inhabitants.

Panorama of Oodeypore City

*Photos by* *Johnston and Hoffmann*

# Hunting

ILLUSTRATED PARTLY BY COMPETITION PHOTOGRAPHS

*(For full details of our Hunt Photographic Competition, see advertisement page* xii.

### The Scene at Kirby Gate

Melton Mowbray and the surrounding towns and villages make holiday when the Quorn Hounds open their regular season, and on Monday week the gathering at Kirby Gate simply ran into thousands. Vehicles rendered the roads well-nigh impassable, and the extraordinary concourse of foot people testified to the delight which the masses still take in the sight of the scarlet coats and a pack of hounds. They were all there, too, in the hope of seeing a fox break away from the Gartree Hill covert, which Captain Frank Forester, in accordance with the custom followed by his predecessors in the Mastership of the Quorn, selected as the first draw of the regular season. Meanwhile, the great field of riders got ready for coming events, and, as Tom Bishopp encouraged his pack into covert, one had time to look round and see really who was there. If names were wanted, I could fill not far short of a full page of The Bystander with those of well-known people assembled at Kirby Gate; but the exigencies of space do not permit of this, and it must suffice to mention that the gathering was thoroughly representative of fashionable Leicestershire. The fog, which on the Saturday had interfered with hunting, had now disappeared, and the morning sun shone brilliantly on the scene. Somerville has an appreciation of the charms of the opening meet:—

> Delightful scene! where all around is gay,
> men, horses, dogs;
> And in each smiling countenance appears
> Fresh blooming health and universal joy.

And the lines apply as forcibly to-day as when they were written, in the very early days of fox-hunting. One of our best-known Masters remarked recently that a day with the foxhounds in an old-established country, where fox-hunting is an integral portion of the social system, is quite sufficient to disabuse the mind of the idea that the sporting instinct is on the wane, and I thought of his words when surveying the gay muster at Kirby Gate.

**Capt. F. Forester**
The new Master of the Quorn Foxhounds

### Opening Day's Sport

A blank draw at Gartree Hill does not enter into the calculations of Master or huntsman, and still less of the eager field. Sure enough, there was a supply of foxes for hounds on this occasion, and one was eventually persuaded to try his luck in the open. He took hounds a circular trip by way of Great Dalby and Gunn's Lodge to Adam's Gorse, where the run ended by his getting safely—as he thought—to ground. From Burrough Hill Wood another fox took them in the direction of Leesthorpe, by way of the Punch Bowl, but he doubled back to Little Dalby, and scent, which had never been very strong, seemed to vanish altogether. Best of all was the gallop with one of a brace of foxes, found on a return visit to Gartree Hill. Turning, when near to Great Dalby, hounds hunted almost as far as Melton Mowbray, then crossed the Sandy Lane, running by way of Burton to Little Dalby, where they divided. Most of the field went with that part of the pack which ran up to Pickwell, then by way of Laxton's covert and Whissendine Windmill as if for Langham. They doubled back and lost their fox before reaching Laxton's coverts. But hounds were not to go without blood, as the Adam's Gorse fox had been dug for and secured, and they made a meal of him. It was not a brilliant day for sport—opening days rarely are—but hounds ran well enough at times to provide the field with some good riding and jumping, the country being in capital order after the recent rains.

**The Quorn Hunt: The field on top of Gartree Hill**

**Capt. J. Burns-Hartopp**
The retired Master of the Quorn

### The Future of the Quorn

Under the Mastership of Captain Frank Forester, who in another branch of sport it well-known as the owner of some high-class racehorses, everything seems bright for the future

The Quorn Hunt: Hounds arrive at Kirby Gate: Captain Forester (Master) leads

of the Quorn Hunt. No leader of the crack pack has started with a keener desire to show good sport, and none has had the benefit of greater support from all classes than is now cheerfully given to Captain Forester. He has the advantage of knowing every covert and every field likely to be touched by hounds, and he is aware from past experience in Ireland and in Berkshire of the dangers of letting his followers get "out of hand." Fox-hunting manners are not so irreproachable, even in the Shires, that hounds are safe from being over ridden by horsemen desperately jealous of each other, and determined at all costs to be nearest the [illegible] But, as the poet sings, "Hounds are bred to be ridden *after*, not *over*," and, unless I am greatly mistaken, Captain Forester is not the man to stand any nonsense of this kind from his field. On the days when scent serves well, there is no danger to the pack of over-riding, for it is then a case of "catch them who can." And the Quorn are likely to want a deal of catching when in full cry this season, for Bishopp has a splendid pack. Both the huntsman and the ex-Master, Captain Burns-Hartopp, have been handicapped by the lack of accommodation at the old kennels, but at the end of the season the pack will be moved to their new quarters, which have been built at great cost, not far from Barrow-on-Soar.

Opening Meet of the Quorn at Kirby Gate: "For'ard away!"

*Photo by* [illegible] **Mr. Dun Waters, Master of the South Shropshire Foxhounds** [illegible]

**A Notable Exploit Recalled**

Some years ago the Shropshire country was hunted by one pack, and since the division the followers of neither hunt have had to complain of the character of the sport which has been shown. Mr. Frank Bibby hunts the northern country without a subscription, save to the Poultry Fund, while the South Shropshire Hounds are in the eminently capable hands of Mr. J. C. Dun Waters, who has bred an exceedingly smart pack of his

**Opening meet of the Eastbourne Foxhounds at Hampden Park**

Colonel Condwell, the Master, and his daughter are in the foreground. The Master (and his horse) are on the alert, watching hounds draw covert.

(*Compiled photo by* [illegible])

own. Mr. Dun Waters is a splendid horseman, and rides up to the motto, "Be with them I will." One of his exploits last season is still talked of in Shropshire. Hounds had run a fox from The Isle down to the banks of the River Severn, opposite Berwick, where it was fully 100 yards wide. Several of the leading hounds were in the water, and Mr. Dun Waters, disregarding the danger and the protests of his field, jumped into the river, with the remark, "Where my hounds go I must go." For the onlookers on the bank it was an exciting moment. The river was very full, and horse and rider at once disappeared from view. They came up together, and the horse struck out for the opposite side. He sank three times, and Mr. Dun Waters had to leave him and swim hard to save his own life. To everyone's intense relief, they both landed safely, and when, after a long gallop to the nearest bridge at Shrewsbury, the field got to the other side, they found the Master calmly riding home with the pack, which has run their fox to ground close to where they had crossed the river.

**"Tommy" Dobson (the "John Peel" of to-day), now in his eightieth year**

Mr. Dobson is Master of the Eskdale and Ennerdale Foxhounds, and is here photographed with his tame fox

(*Competition photo by* Miss Mary Fair, *Eskdale Vicarage, Boot S.O., Cumberland. Prize 5s.*)

**John Peel's Successor**

Half a century has elapsed since John Peel, famous in song throughout the world, was, as he himself would have put it, "run to earth" and laid quietly to rest in Caldbeck churchyard. He has had many successors, but perhaps the most noteworthy of them is that enthusiastic veteran whose portrait is presented here, known to all hunting people in the mountainous Lake District as "Tommy" Dobson. He has long since passed the allotted span of three score years and ten, and has been Master of that stout little pack, the Eskdale and Ennerdale Foxhounds, for forty years; but he is still hale and hearty, and as well able to enjoy a good hunt as the rest of his followers.

A. W. C.

**Our Hunting Competition**

In the last two weeks' issues of The Bystander our Hunting article has been illustrated by photographs sent in for our Competition (details of which will be found on advertisement page xi). This week, however, owing to the interest attaching to the opening of the Quorn Hunt, we have been unable to make use of as many Competition photographs as we would wish, but next week we hope to make full use of them in illustrating our article.

[Advertisement.]—GLOVES UNAFFECTED BY WET.—A glove, intended primarily for driving and riding, and called the "Quorn Hunt" Glove, which is claimed to be unaffected by wet, is being made by Mr. Macintosh, 89, New Street, Birmingham. It is hand-sewn, with double thread, and has been adopted by most masters of foxhounds, etc. It is the cheapest and best glove made for Hunting, the price being 2s. 11d., or 3s. post free.

**With the Fitzwilliam Hunt at Orton Longueville, the Marquis of Huntly's Domain: Breaking up the fox**

(*Competition photo by* Mrs. Fitzwilliam, *Milton, Peterborough. Prize 5s.*)

# MOTORS AT OLYMPIA

## WHAT TO LOOK FOR AT THE EXHIBITION

By Alfred C. Hunter

The holding of two big Shows at Olympia within twelve months of one another makes 1905 unique from a motor point of view. Changing the date of the Society of Motor Manufacturers' Exhibition from the spring to the autumn is, undoubtedly, a sound move. It enables the public to inspect the new types, and order their cars with a reasonable prospect of getting delivery in the spring. The fact that there are no less than three hundred exhibitors points to the firm hold that the Society has upon the industry. That the exhibits of heavy type vehicles have increased fivefold shows, too, how important the commercial side of the motor is becoming. These commercial vehicles, together with the power boats—an increasing quantity—are making serious encroachments on the already inadequate space at Olympia. It is to be hoped, therefore, that this will be the last time that the Society will attempt to include in one exhibition material which rightly requires two.

### Wanted a Really Good Building

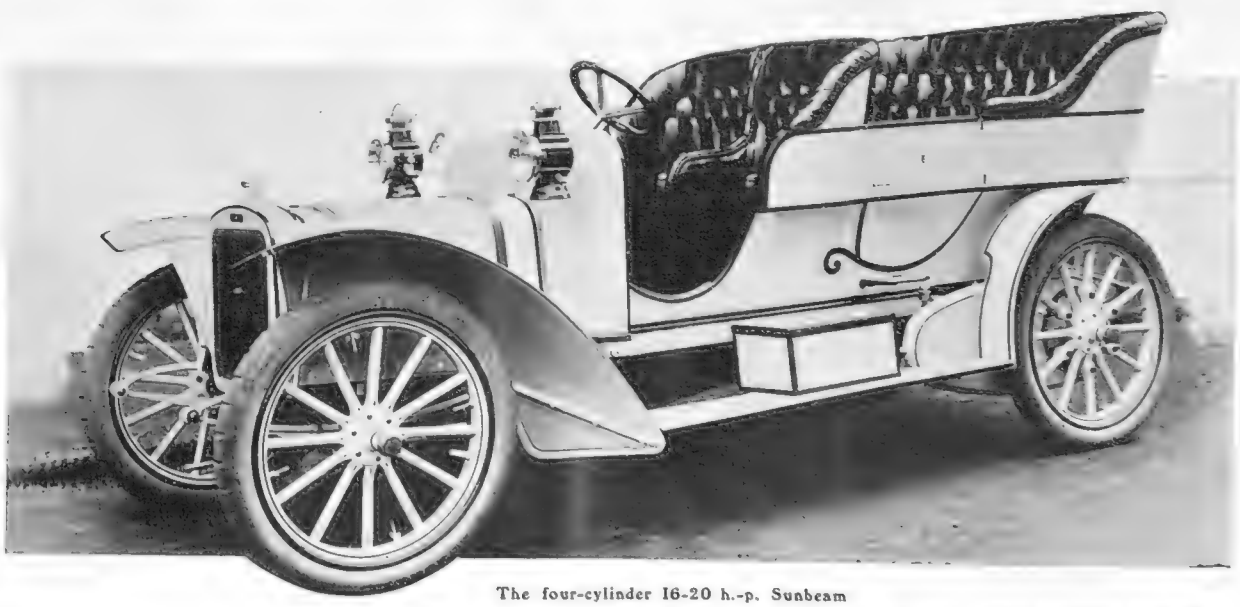
While much was done last year to adapt Olympia, its space was all too small, and I fear that again the narrowness of the gangways and the smallness of the stands will prove inconvenient. At the same time, it is the best building that is available—the best of a bad lot. The only other buildings that compete for the favour of the petrol vehicle are the Crystal Palace and the Agricultural Hall. The railway companies' clumsy attempts at a train service put the former out of court. The latter, situated in an unsuitable neighbourhood, is hardly palatial, and its catering arrangements and accommodation are not first-class. The Crystal Palace was born in Hyde Park, and it is in some ways a pity that it did not remain there. It may be argued that such a building spoils the rural rusticity of the grass wastes in the middle of London's big green patch. Personally, I am inclined to think that a really fine building, not a glorified greenhouse, would be a great addition to our London. As things stand at present we actually have no proper building for exhibitions. London deserves and requires such a building. There are numerous annual shows and exhibitions which would immediately avail themselves of such accommodation. It is not beyond the powers of our architects to give us an edifice on the lines of the Grand Palais of Paris, a building worthy of London, planned to fulfil its functions as regards exhibitions, yet with an exterior which would actually improve rather than harm the appearance of Hyde Park.

### Solely for Exhibitions

It would only, of course, be used for exhibitions; silly little permanent stalls, with girls selling toys, sweetmeats, and tins of paste to clean gloves with would be banned; it would only be open when exhibitions were on. Its accessibility, the fact that it was a building specially built for exhibition purposes, and its beauty, should add to the popularity of all the Shows that it housed. Shortly, it would pay its way, it would be an addition to London's attractions, it would indirectly benefit the hotels and shopkeepers, and it would be of permanent benefit to the community by enabling them to visit exhibitions in comfort.

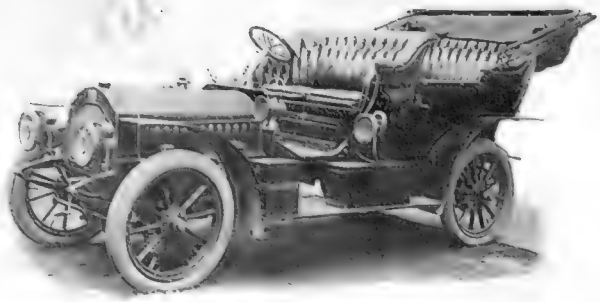
### Go Early

Still, let me get back to business—I started out to talk of Olympia. Coming well in front of the rival exhibition across the Channel, Olympia this year has



**The four-cylinder 16-20 h.-p. Sunbeam**

One pedal controls the motor, without any levers on the steering column; ignition is Simms-Bosch high-tension magneto; cooling, by natural [illegible] through a honeycomb radiator and fan. The side chains are protected from mud and dust by patent oil-bath chain cases. Price complete, with landaulette body, £630



**The new pattern 15 h.-p. De Dion**

Messrs. De Dion Bouton have this year fitted a radiator in front of the bonnet, a more inclined steering wheel than usual, and have placed the various controlling levers on the top of the steering wheel. The 1906 pattern 24 h.-p. type will be on the same lines, but will have four speeds and a reverse

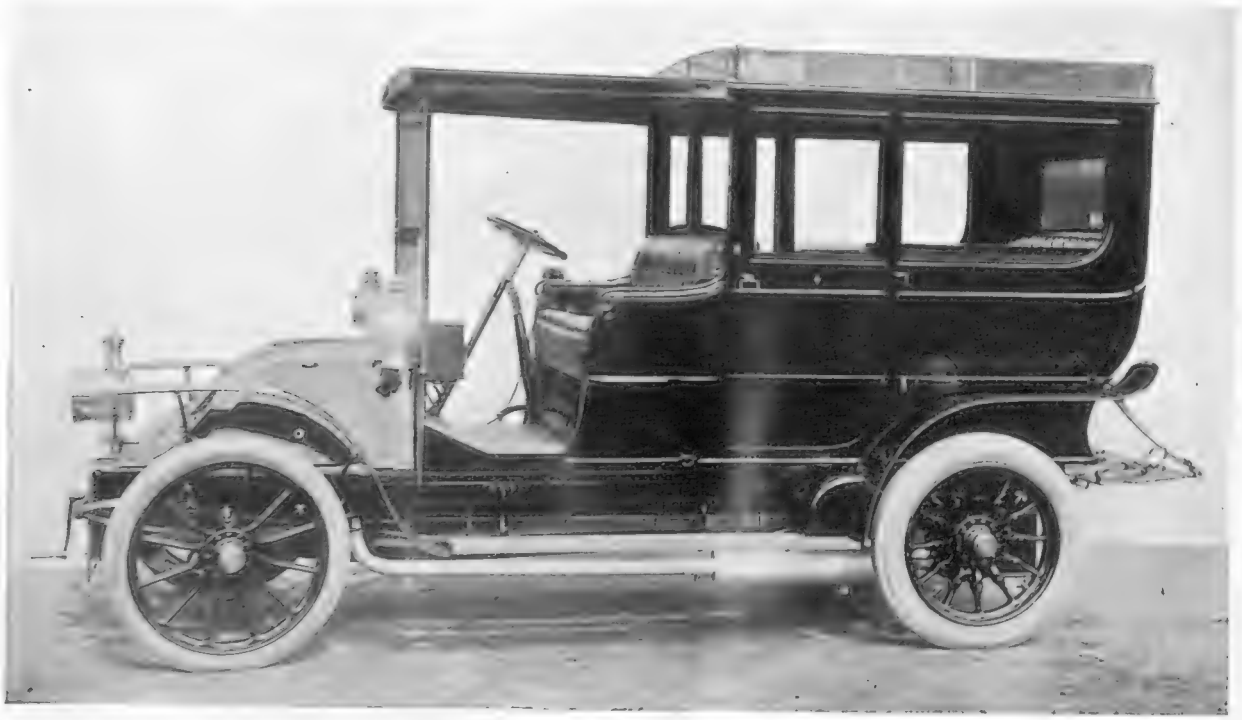
the added attraction of some of the new types from the leading French houses. Whether, therefore, you are patriotic and buy of your own countrymen, or allow your money to strengthen our Continental competitors, the Society's Exhibition will suit you. The percentage of buyers amongst the thousands of visitors is not, of course, a high one; knowing this, one should pay an early visit. Those on the stands are only human; starting with a large amount of enthusiasm, they will, for at least the first few days, welcome you eagerly. They will press pamphlets, booklets, diagrams, pictures, and catalogues upon you. With unabated enthusiasm they will talk to you of ignition systems, and of metal-to-metal clutches. They will reveal to you the mysteries of their gear-boxes, manipulate the levers, and expound to you the merits of worm drives or their frictionless live axle. If you do not interrupt their fluent explanations by foolish comment, they will hail you as a certain buyer, and force you to partake of a free ride and a trial run. The freshness of this enthusiasm abates after a day or two, so go early.

### The Price of Cars

A while back, it was customary to say that one would buy a motor when they became reliable. Nowadays, the hesitating ones are, according to their own account, waiting for cars to get cheaper. "Can't see what there is to cost all that money" is a frequent remark. Cars in 1906 do not promise to be much cheaper than they were in 1905. You will still have to pay a good price for a good article. The medium-powered four-cylinder touring-car is still taking the best part of a cheque for £600. The fact of the matter is, a touring-car is more or less of a luxury, and manufacturers dare not make them in large quantities. Made in series of twenty or so, there is a waste in production, which would be saved if they could be manufactured by the hundred. The happy day when you can buy a silent, four-cylinder, vibrationless, speedy, absolutely reliable car, all extras included, for £100, is still far distant. So if you buy a good make of car now, you will not find that prices next year have fallen enough to prevent you selling it second-hand at a fair price. The Society's Show at Olympia commences on Friday, November 17, and will remain open till November 25. I append a description of the principal exhibits, starting with

### The Argyll

On Stand 87, of original and attractive design, the Argyll Company stage five vehicles. Attention is claimed by a chassis of the 14-16 h.-p. car, in which two of the cylinders will be shown in part section, thus illustrating the working action of the inlet and exhaust valves and pistons, and showing the ample water space and regular section of metal. The cover of the gear-box is also cut away to show the action of the gear. The engine is a new four-cylinder model made by the exhibiting firm, and it will be driven by



**A new 20 h.-p. C.G.V. car, with Hooper body**

The 20 h.-p. C.G.V. cars follow the same lines as last year, but they are producing a 14 h.-p. car with live axle drive. This 14 h.-p. chassis, fitted with C springs, is specially suitable for town use

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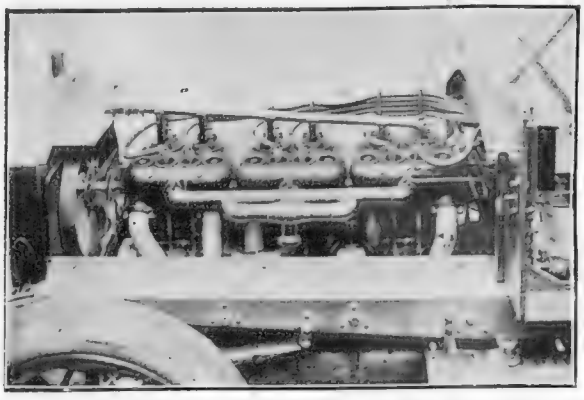


**The 60 h.-p. six-cylinder Napier engine**

The makers claim superiority for their six-cylinder model over the best-balanced four-cylinder engine, due to the fact that with the former there is an almost continuous impulse on the crank-shaft

a small electric motor. This model has a new type of ball-bearing back axle, and a metal-to-metal clutch.

A 16-20 h.-p. double landaulette, seating four inside, is also shown. The engine is a four-cylinder Aster-Argyll, and the vehicle is painted and upholstered in green. Another interesting car is the 16-20 h.-p. side entrance; the engine is a four-cylinder Aster-Argyll, and the upholstery and general finish is very luxurious, the back seats being provided with a collapsible arm-rest. The colour scheme is carmine, and the car has a roomy, comfortable appearance.

Since last Show, many alterations and improvements have been introduced into Argyll cars; prominent among these are: an alteration in the shape of the dashboard, the widening of the side doors, and the fitting of a luggage slide on the rear of the car. A new worm, quadrant-steering gear has been devised, and the back axle has been redesigned, with an axle-case of T type and ball-bearings throughout. The 1906 gear-box has roller-bearings, as well as a new arrangement of striking gear. The levers are attached to the forward end of the gear-box. The back brakes now have a cam action instead of a toggle, and a new method has been adopted of fixing the front ball-races on the axle; the bearings are also protected by dust and water shields. In the 16-20 h.-p. models a new type of internally expanding foot-brake, entirely encased and protected, has been introduced, and special attention has been given to the lubrication of the ends of the springs and radius rods.

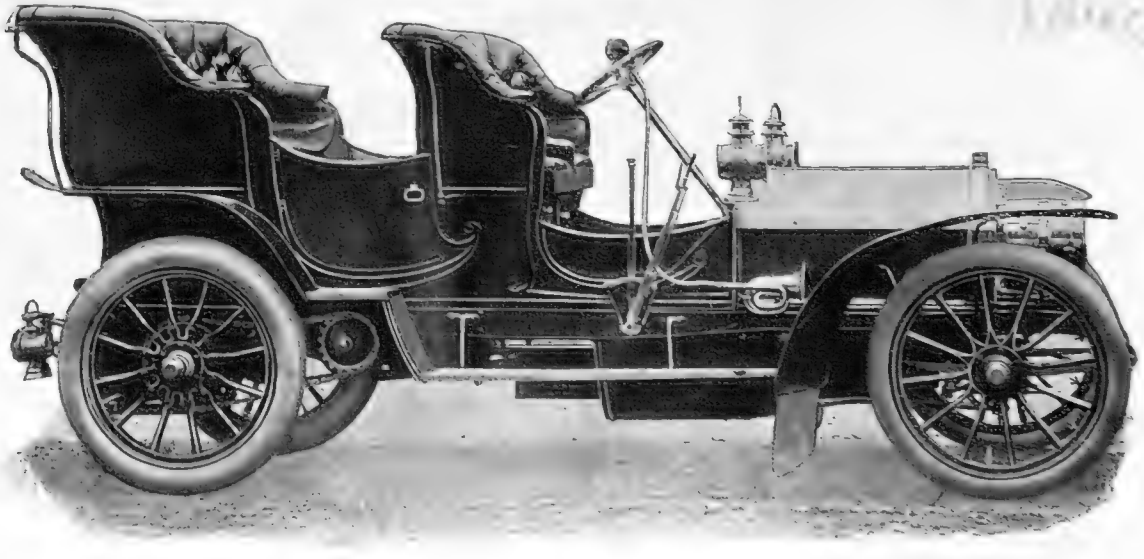
Those interested in these Scotch motors will be glad to know that Argylls London, Limited, have always a selection of cars on view at their spacious premises in Newman Street.

### F.I.A.T. Motors on Stand 153

Although among the youngest motor manufacturers, the makers of the F.I.A.T. have achieved, during the past season, remarkable records for reliability and power. On the racing track and on the road, F.I.A.T. motors have distinguished themselves by performances which compel attention. In addition to their 24-40 h.-p. model, the firm are putting on the market an entirely new type of 12-16 h.-p. This car will embody all the salient features of the well-known 16 h.-p. and 24 h.-p. F.I.A.T. models at a moderate price. The price of the car complete, with side entrance, Roi des Belges body, or *phaéton de luxe*, with lamps, horn, kit of tools, ready for the road, is 500 guineas.

### The Daimler Models on Stand 62

Generally speaking, the Daimler cars for 1906 incorporate no alterations of any moment; but the Company's experience of the last year, and the introduction of new methods and machinery into its factory, have rendered it possible to make certain alterations in detail, chiefly for the purpose of improved quality and reliability, always keeping in mind the necessity of reduction in the cost of manufacture. The engine has been little altered since the type was first introduced two years ago under the name of 28-36 h.-p. The two later designs, namely, 30-40 h.-p. and 35-45 h.-p., involve the same characteristics of design and manufacture as the 28-36 h.-p. The Daimler system of high-tension ignition, with a



**The 24-40 h.-p. F.I.A.T., with side-entrance body**

The racing record of these Italian cars has brought them prominently before the public during the last twelve months

single trembler for all four cylinders, is retained. The carburettor has been most carefully studied during the past year with a view to procuring the greatest economy in fuel consumption. Besides more careful adjustment of those parts which regulate the mixture, the Company has, by an ingenious contrivance, so altered the system of coupling the throttle and ignition, that the timing of the ignition is absolutely correct for all positions of the throttle, or, in other words, for full power at all speeds. As last season, ball-bearings are used throughout the 1906 types, the transmission gear and road wheels being completely fitted with them. On the Company's stand will be shown a 28-36 h.-p., two 30-40 h.-p. models, and a 35-45 h.-p., this latter with an eleven-foot wheel-base, is fitted with a six-seated, side-entrance, covered phæton, specially designed and built to the order of His Majesty the King.

**A 30-40 h.-p. Daimler**

Known as the "Nottingham" side-entrance phaeton, this model has a detachable Cape-cart hood. It can be fitted to the 28 h.-p. or 35-45 h.-p. chassis

### Bodies by Hooper

Some fine examples of carriage work from the factories of Messrs. Hooper are to be seen at Olympia. On Messrs. Jarrott and Letts' stand is a large Limousine body, similar to one that the firm built for H.M. the King last July; close to it is an example of a single landaulette, and a double-phaeton body with Roi des Belges panels in aluminium; all these three bodies are on De Dietrich chassis. On a "C.G.V." chassis, on the London Motor Garage Co.'s stand, is a luxurious Limousine body. Well-made chassis deserve good coach-building, and it is only in the fitness of things to find a further example of this firm's work fitted to a Mercédès chassis on the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association's stand.

### The Maudslay Cars

On Stand 45, this Coventry firm are showing one of their "all-round" cars. This is a type of car which they have made a speciality of during the past season. Previously it was fitted with a 14 h.-p. two-cylinder engine, but it has now a 16-20 h.-p. three-cylinder engine, and the car has a rather longer body, flat canopy, and glass wind-screen. This type of car is suitable for station work in the country, and also for taking guns or loaders out shooting, and is built specially strong. It will carry ten passengers comfortably over bad roads, or can deal with a considerable load of luggage. Besides this useful type of car, a 30-40 h. p. chassis is also shown. The engine of this model has four cylinders, five-inch bore by five-inch stroke. Last year's special features of these engines—patent hinged layshaft, removable doors on the crank case, etc.—have been retained. The gear-box contains four speeds and reverse, with direct drive on top

**An "all-round" car**

This type of car is built by the Maudslay Company, is suitable for station work in the country. It will carry ten passengers comfortably, or can deal with a considerable load of luggage

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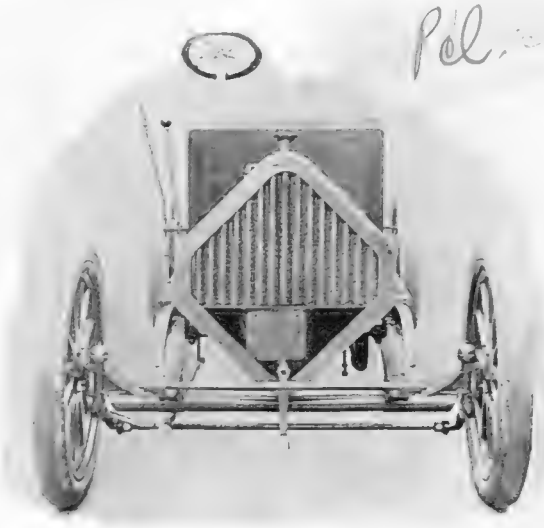
speed. The gear-box and the car throughout are fitted with ball-bearings. The brakes are of the expanding metal-to-metal type. Their standard design of rectangular steel tube frame is still retained. The ignition is of the high-tension electric type, with distributor, and a single high-speed trembler coil; a low-tension magneto is also fitted.

### The New Iris Cars on Stand 22

Messrs. Legros and Knowles claim for their productions, reliability, accessibility, and durability. With respect to the first-named, they guarantee every car for two years. In durability, nothing has been sacrificed to lightness; at the same time weight has been conserved by careful designing; the chassis weight of the 35-40 h.-p. car being less than 18 cwt. The live axle on these cars is distinguished from others by the fact that it is a solid axle from end to end, and that, consequently, no sag can take place in it. The wheels run on this axle, and are driven by shafts turning within it; these shafts having only the torsional driving stress but none of the car weight. The axle has no joint in it. Through a cover-plate at the back of the axle-box the whole of the bevel and differential gears can be removed without dismounting the axle or taking the car off its wheels. The propeller shaft has at each end the "Iris" patent flexible coupling instead of the usual cardan joint. This coupling has no wearing parts, and consequently needs no lubrication, another advantage being that there are no pins to work loose and thereby create work. The lubricator is really the only fitting on the dashboard, which consequently presents a neat and clean appearance. It has on it a pressure-fed drip-feed, a pressure gauge, and the switch. It is so arranged that when the switch is turned off to stop the engine, it automatically turns off the oil and thus prevents over-lubrication. The Company are engaged upon the three important sections of the motor industry — touring-cars, commercial and heavy-traction vehicles, and marine-motors. In pleasure cars two models are manufactured, the 25-30 h.-p. and the 35-40 h.-p., sold respectively at £725 and £875, complete with body and ready for the road.

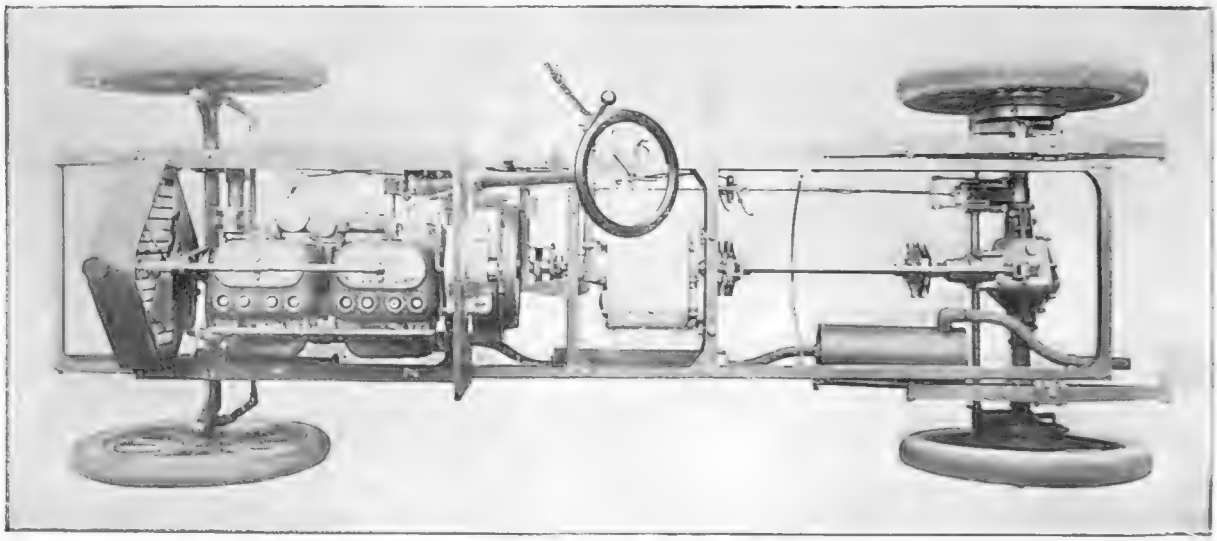


**Front view of the new Iris car**
The radiator is of novel shape

### The "C.G.V." and the Pipe

The "C.G.V." and the Pipe, two well-known Continental cars, are shown by the London Motor Garage, of Wardour Street, on Stand 49. In design, the 20 h.-p. "C.G.V." cars follow the same lines as last year, and are chain driven. What improvements have been effected in the details of these chassis are mostly refinements; for instance, the suspension of the motor and gear-box is now three-point, the brakes are enclosed, the cam-shaft pinions are enclosed and protected, and high-tension magneto, as well as ordinary coil and accumulator, ignition is fitted to all chassis, without extra charge. Beauty of design and finished workmanship still distinguish the productions of the famous "C.G.V." factory, and their reputation will certainly be enhanced by their 1906 models.

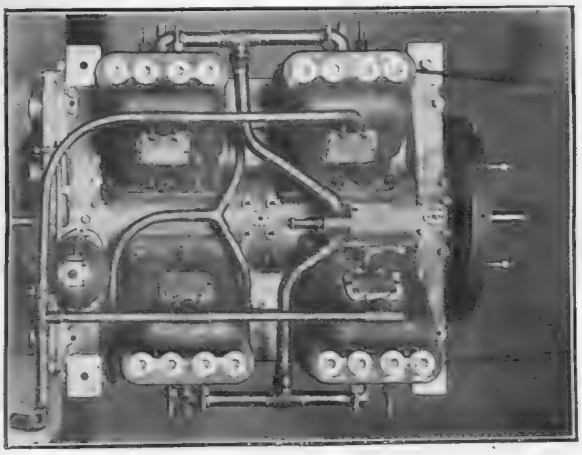
In addition to the above is a 14 h.-p. "C.G.V." chassis, containing several new features that are new to this make of car. Although Messrs. Charron, Girardot and Voigt do not think the bevel drive suitable for high horse-power and heavy touring work,



**Chassis plan of the 25-30 h.-p. Iris car**
One of the features of this new all-British car is the novel construction of the back axle, and the patent universal [illegible]
Complete with body and ready for the road, it sells at £725

the 14 h.-p. "C.G.V." car being intended for town and light country work only, yet that they should have adopted it at all indicates the prevailing tendency. Another important improvement is in the "suspension" of the 14 h.-p. car; it is hung on C springs. That it will add to the comfort and luxury of the vehicle there can be no doubt, and experience has already shown that easy suspension means less wear on the tyres and machinery. The Pipe chassis is worth inspection if only for its engine design.

It is claimed by the makers that the arrangement of the valves, both inlet and exhaust, permits of the combustion chamber being reduced to a semi-dome shape, in which the whole of the explosive force acts directly upon the piston head, none of its effect being wasted in valve chambers or passages. The arrangement of the valves above alluded to allows of a larger valve opening, the motor taking in its full supply of gas at a high speed instead of the usual fifty or sixty per cent. of cylinder capacity, which the ordinary type of valve admits. A further interesting exhibit on the



**The new eight-cylinder Rolls-Royce engine**

It is, perhaps, a nearer approach to the turning movement of a turbine than any petrol engine which has hitherto been put upon the market as a practical motor

stand is a working model of a "C.G.V." engine, with part of the cylinders cut away to show the working of the pistons, valves, and ignition.

### The 1306 Mercédes

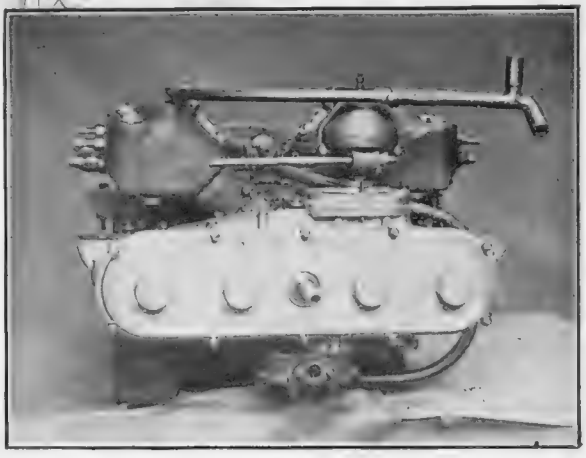
On Stand 124, in the annexe, the Cannstatt Automobile Supply Association are showing one of the 1906 type 40-50 h.-p. Leon Bollée chassis, with extended wheel-base and long frame, a design which gives plenty of space for fitting a roomy body. There is also to be seen an 18-28 h.-p. Mercédès chassis, fitted with a fine Limousine body by Hooper; it is finished dark green and black with vertical stripes on the panels, fitted inside with electric lamps, and well upholstered. Last but not least there is one of the 30-35 h.-p. 1906 type Mercédès chassis. This embodies several features new to this celebrated car, notable among which is the direct drive on the fourth speed, arranged without any complication or increase in the size of gear-box. The carburettor is improved, as also the lubricating system. The usual semi-elliptic back springs, as used on the majority of these chassis, are fitted to this model.

### The Wolseley and the Siddeley

On Stand 48 are the products from the big works at Adderley Park, Birmingham. So successful have the Siddeley cars proved, that the Company is only making Wolseley pattern cars of 6 h.-p. and 8 h.-p. Cars of higher power follow Siddeley lines, and have a vertical engine—a 12 h.-p. two-cylinder, a 15 h.-p., an 18 h.-p. and a 32 h.-p.; these latter, being engined with four-cylinder motors, are among their 1906 models. Both the 25 h.-p. and 32 h.-p. types have been produced to meet the demand for high-powered touring-cars, and in their construction and mechanism the latest practice in motor engineering is embodied. The chief points to be noticed are the separately cast cylinders, and the double ignition system, which employs either a low-tension magneto or the usual high-tension ignition. Perfect control is obtained by a variable lift mechanism acting on the inlet valves, and the cars are silent in their running. The highest quality Vickers' steel is used wherever possible in the construction. By the courtesy of Mr. Lionel de Rothschild, a 100 h.-p. racing car will be on exhibition on this stand.

### The Gladiator

Examination of the new Gladiator models reveals some new departures. Arbel pressed steel frames are used on all types. Two complete ignition systems are now fitted—first, the Gianoli magneto,



**Side view of the eight-cylinder engine**

Another new type of Rolls-Royce car will boast of the name of the "Legalimit," having an eight-cylinder engine. It is designed to maintain a constant speed of twenty miles per hour up hill, down hill, and on the level, without changing gear

a new type that has been tested by the manufacturers for several months; secondly, a system of synchronised high-tension electric ignition, with one coil and high-tension distributor. The same clutch as was used in 1905 will be fitted to all types, but in the bigger cars, of 18 h.-p. and upwards, a universal coupling will be fitted between the gear-box and the clutch. Big ball-bearings are fitted on all the road-wheels. The lubrication will be from a tank at the side, feeding oil through sight-feed drips placed on the dashboard to all points, the pressure being obtained by a small plunger-pump on the half-time shaft. The Gladiator Company will give away to applicants at their stand at Olympia during the Show a novelty in the form of an instrument known as the

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metrometre, by the aid of which the horse-power of any engine can be accurately ascertained. Motorists should find it useful. Those not visiting Olympia can have one sent to them by applying to 8 and 9, Long Acre, London, W.C., and enclosing three stamps.

### The Martini

Messrs. H. H. P. Deasy and Co. are showing the new Martinis on Stand 29. Both models—viz., the 20-24 h.-p. and the 30-40 h.-p.—have a direct drive on top speed. The carburettor on the 1906 types has been improved, metal-to-metal clutches are fitted, and various small detail changes will be found in the new models devised to improve the general construction and add to the "life" and efficiency of the car. The 1906 Martinis are worthy successors to the car which, with Captain Deasy at the wheel, climbed the Rochers-de-Naye. The question of using the engine as a brake has recently called forth a considerable amount of correspondence in the motor papers. The makers of the Martini claim that their cars were among the very first to be so constructed as to enable full advantage to be taken of the retarding effect of the engines when running down hills with the clutch in.

### The Alldays Cars on Stand 66

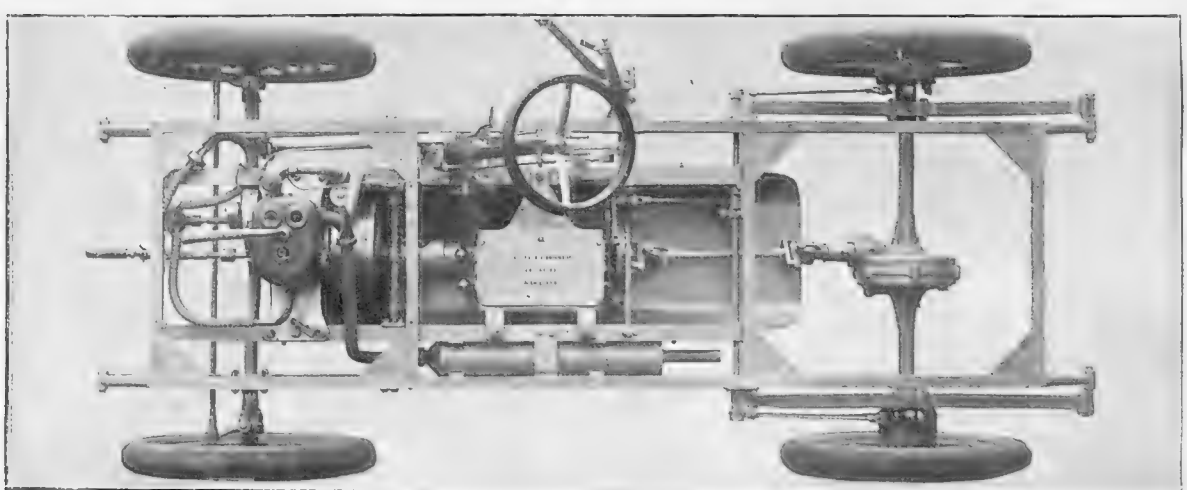
Several types of cars are now manufactured by this Company at their Birmingham works. At Olympia they exhibit an 8 h.-p., a 10 h.-p. two-cylinder, and a 16 h.-p. four-cylinder. In general, all three types follow the same lines. The frame of the chassis is constructed of specially light, yet strong channel steel, and fitted with longitudinal and cross-channel struts strongly braced together. The motor, 7 b.h.-p. or 8 b.h.-p. single cylinder, or 10 b.h.-p. double cylinder, is immediately in front of the dashboard, in a vertical position. The crank is accurately machined from a solid nickel steel forging, and well balanced. The valves are mechanically operated, and are easily accessible. The power is transmitted from the motor through a leather-faced friction clutch working on the interior of the fly-wheel rim to a change gear-box, giving three forward speeds and a reverse, and from the gear-box to the rear live-axle by a universally jointed cardan shaft. The carburettor is of the spray type, with float-feed and automatic air-regulator. The Alldays special radiator is placed in front of the bonnet; the pump is driven direct from the half-time shaft, connected by a tube coupling. High-tension system of electric ignition is used, with accumulators and coil, with a two-way switch. Compensating internal expanding brakes are on each rear wheel hub, and a foot-brake on the propeller-shaft. The lubrication to the engine is by means of a sight-feed force pump, which injects a charge into the crank-case. Outside automatic lubricators are provided for the gear-box and back-axle bearings. As to petrol consumption, officially tested, the Alldays single-cylinder light car, with three persons on board, did 34½ miles on a gallon of spirit. The price of the 8 h.-p. chassis is £150, and of the 10 h.-p. double-cylinder chassis £190.

### Pratt's Motor Spirit

The proprietors of Pratt's motor spirit—the spirit in universal use throughout the United Kingdom—show on their stand the method of packing and distributing the well-known green cans. Various models will be exhibited on their stand in the gallery, showing not only railway and road tank cars, but also one of the largest tank steamers afloat. Those interested in the production of the ever-necessary Pratt "A" can also inspect samples showing the numerous products obtained from American crude petroleum.

### The Wilson-Pilcher Cars

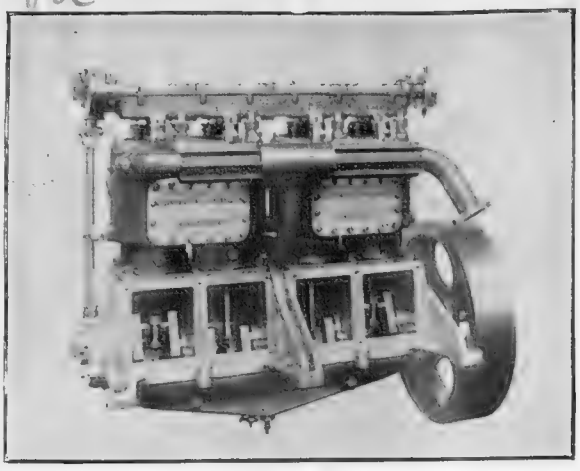
On Stand 81 Messrs. Armstrong, Whitworth and Company are showing their new models. The transmission is one of the features of these cars. No chains or belts are employed. The transmission gear consists of a central line of shafting running from the engine through two patent reduction gears to the bevel wheels surrounding the balance gear on the back or driving axle. These reduction gears are a special feature, and have the following advantages:—The gear wheels (which are machine cut) are always in



**The chassis of an 8 h.-p. Alldays light car**

This chassis is made in two patterns—one at £150 for a two-seated body; the other at £160 suitable for a tonneau body

mesh and never running idle. As they are only running when actually required, the wear and noise are reduced to a minimum. No shock is experienced on changing gear, and the change is effected without throwing out the main clutch, or in any way taking off the driving effort from the motor. The makers claim that no power is lost in driving the gear, since only the reduction in use at the time is in motion. On the highest speed no gear wheels excepting the main bevels are in motion, thereby securing a high efficiency. On the lower gears, when the reductions are in use, the efficiency is also high, and each reduction is more efficient and suffers less wear and tear than would be the case with a single pair of gear wheels. The changes are all effected by a single lever placed at the driver's right hand, and this is so designed that the gears cannot be missed, a desideratum when driving at night. Devoting themselves especially to petrol landaulettes, the firm, having standardised the manufacture of these cars, have made a considerable reduction in prices. They now offer for immediate delivery a petrol landaulette at £600. This landaulette, of 12-16 h.-p., is electrically lighted internally and externally, and is built throughout at Elswick from specially selected materials.



**The 30-40 h.-p. Maudslay motor**

The exhibit shows the interior of the crank chamber

### A New De Dietrich

Like other prominent manufacturers, the De Dietrich Company number amongst their 1906 types a new light car of 12-15 h.-p. This particular model differs in many respects from the ordinary practice of the firm. The motor will be a four-cylinder one, with the cylinders cast in pairs, having a 90 mm. bore by 120 mm. stroke. The inlet and exhaust valves will be on the same side, operated by one cam-shaft. The pump, as is usual in De Dietrich practice, will be gear driven. The great difference, however, from the other types of De Dietrich motors will be the ignition. On this model the ignition fitted will be the high-tension Simms-Bosch, with plugs. The drive will be the same as on the 1905 De Dietrichs, four speeds and reverse, with chains. The clutch will be of the cone type, and the control of the motor will be arranged by levers on the steering wheel and by accelerator pedal. The width of the chassis will be 850 mm., narrowed in front to 780 mm., thus allowing for a very sharp lock, and making the car particularly suitable for use in traffic. The petrol tank will be arranged at the back of the chassis, and will be under pressure. The lubrication will also be worked by pressure from the exhaust. The chassis is arranged to take a side-entrance carriage body, landaulette, or *coupé*, for town work.

**A petrol landaulette from the Armstrong Whitworth works**

Silence and absence of vibration are the qualities claimed by the makers for this car—complete with body, its price is £600

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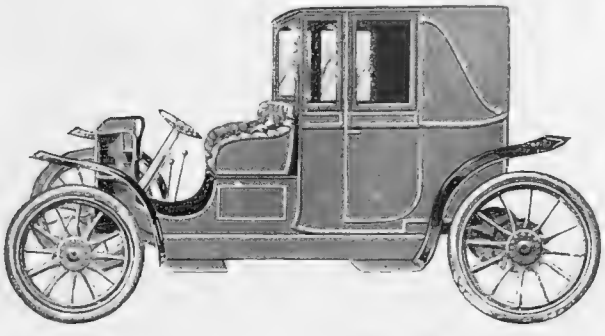
### The New Engine Company's Landaulette

The objects the makers have kept in view in designing this carriage are comfort, convenience, and accessibility. The length of the wheel-base, the correct position of the body, the position of the machinery, with its weight evenly distributed, the new method of springing, all the result of careful thought, combine to make a luxurious carriage. The engine is under the front seat, with its four horizontal cylinders opposed, two on each side. The ignition is governed and synchronised. The carburettor is controlled by the governor in a special way. Power and speed have been so proportioned that a two-speed gear can be employed. The engine develops 30 h.-p., and the maximum speed provided varies from 27 to 35 m.p.h. Nine-tenths of the driving is done on the high speed with direct drive, and an average of twenty-five miles an hour can be maintained. Silence is a feature of the car.



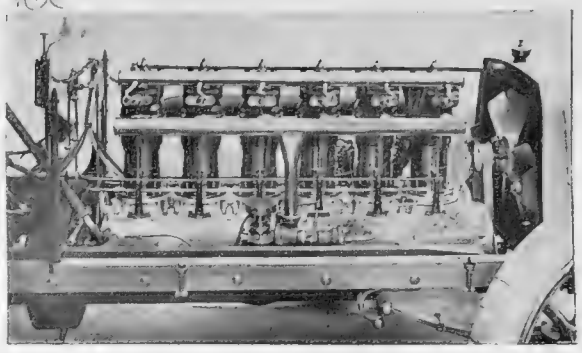
**The "N. E. C." Car: A comfortable town carriage**

The chassis of this car, price £700, is manufactured by the New Engine Company, at their works at Acton Hill

**"Aquascutum" motor coats**

The material being all wool, porous, but at the same time waterproof, these coats are light in weight, yet warm

*(Reproduced by kind permission of the "Ladies' Field")*



**The six-cylinder 90 h.-p. Panhard**

Fitted with a new type of radiator, hydraulically governed, and with an improved magneto ignition capable of being advanced or retarded, this type should appeal to all those who want to move

### The Panhards

On Stand 60, Mr. Harvey du Cros is showing these well-known cars. From the popular point of view, the three-cylinder 8-11 h.-p. and the four-cylinder 15-20 h.-p. are the most interesting of the new models from this celebrated Company's works. The three-cylinder type has the cylinders independently mounted on the base chamber, the water jackets being ample. All the working parts are readily accessible. The inlet valves are automatic. The ignition is high-tension magneto with supplementary battery. Messrs. Panhard's new horizontal transmission gearing specially designed for the 8-11 h.-p. car, having four speeds and reverse, all actuated by one lever, is fitted. All gear-wheels are machine cut from special steel, and specially tempered, the composition of the steel and process of hardening same being known only to Messrs. Panhard and Levassor. The 15-20 h.-p. has mechanically operated valves. High-tension magneto ignition, with supplementary battery, is fitted. Both these types are fitted with the desirable Kreb's carburettor. At £320 the three-cylinder long chassis, suitable for a landaulette, looks cheap; and £480, which is asked for the four-cylinder chassis is a reduction on last year's price. There are two types of six-cylinder Panhard's for 1906, one fitted with cast-iron cylinders, the other with steel cylinders and brazed copper jackets. The advance and retard mechanism, hitherto adopted, has been superseded by the simple method of constructing the magneto in such a manner that it rocks on its shaft, thereby giving the necessary movements of the cam to obtain the advance and retard. The steering column has been placed diagonally through the dash to ensure rigidity, and the steering arms attached to the front wheels are on ball bearings.

### "Aquascutum" Motor Coats

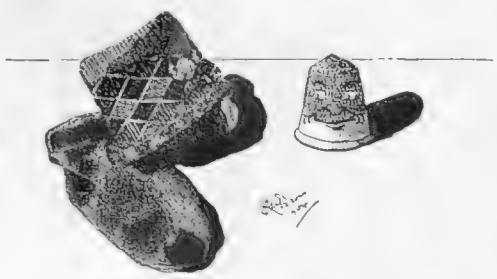
Messrs. Aquascutum, Ltd., who make a specialité of motoring coats, are showing a useful coat, called "The Coverall"; it possesses all the advantages of a cape without any of the disadvantages. As the name implies, it will go over everything, including furs.

A special display is being made of this and other similar garments produced by this firm at Olympia, on Stand 215 in the gallery. Here they are showing coats with their patent detachable linings, in leather and wool. This is a good idea, as it renders the coat useful in all climates and under any conditions, obviating the necessity of carrying more than one coat when touring.

# Golf Notes and Notions

**A Plea for a "Gentlemen v. Players'" Match**

I am returning to-day to a subject which keenly interests me, and which has puzzled me for a long time. Why are professional players so much better than amateurs at the game? I tried a fall with this question at the beginning of the year in my article of January 18, but I felt then, and feel now, that the various reasons adduced by me, though answering the question to a certain extent, did not provide an entirely satisfactory solution of the problem. When one dispassionately considers the two classes of players, there seems really no good reason why the professional should be the superior of the amateur. He does not get more practice than the amateur, he is not more numerous as a body than the amateur, and he has no particular physical superiority. Yet all recent records are immensely in favour of the professional. Let us leave out, for the moment, the Open Championship as not providing quite a fair test during the last two years. Even with that great record removed, the question of superiority does not admit of doubt. Take the records of all the leading courses, and you will always find the professional record many points lower than the amateur. Pit a leading professional against a leading amateur, and you will find few backers to put their money on the chances of the latter. This inferiority of the amateurs has gradually come about during the last ten years, and has lately become most acutely marked. It will soon become an accepted fact among amateurs that by some mysterious dispensation of Providence they have no chance against the professionals.



"What's the old lady doing now?" asked the stocking.
"Getting a needle and wool," replied the thimble.
"Well, I'll be darned!" ejaculated the stocking fiercely.

**Stale, Tired, and Golf-Sick Amateurs**

Personally, I think that the dates of the two Championships during the two last years have had much to do with accentuating this feeling of hopeless inferiority among amateurs. Both this and last year the Open Championship has followed hard on the heels of the amateur event, and has found most of the best amateurs thoroughly played out after the strenuous week of their own tournament. Most of them were stale, or tired, or sick of golf for the moment, and in no mood to face the forlorn hope of three days' scoring against all the best professionals of the world, who, on their side, came perfectly fresh to the contest. This closeness in point of date of the two events, at Sandwich last year, and at Prestwick and St. Andrews this year, has, so to speak, dotted the i's and crossed the t's of that detestable word "inferiority" in the minds of amateurs. So far as the question of the dates of the two fixtures goes, there need be no difficulty in making an alteration for the better. The authorities who arrange the dates can surely manage to contrive a longer interval between the occurrence of these two great events. There ought to be an interval of at least four clear weeks between them, though, of course, six or eight weeks would be better still if feasible. That would give amateurs time to recover from the strain of their Championship, and might encourage more of them to measure themselves against their professional rivals. But there are other means by which the amateur can be encouraged to get rid of this baneful feeling of "beatenness," if I may coin a word for the occasion, which at present fills and oppresses their minds when they consider their powers of play as compared with the professionals Why not carry out and complete that embryo idea of a Gentlemen *versus* Players' match, which the Sandwich authorities first conceived some ten years ago?

**The Egregious "International"**

We have at present two fixtures, the abolition of which not only I, but I feel sure many others, would positively welcome. I mean the two so-called International matches. Both these fixtures were admirable in their inception, but the results have not proved commensurate with the hopes with which they were inaugurated. The amateur International match was rendered ridiculous at once by the inclusion of certain players in one particular team, when, by all the rights of training and place of birth, they should have been allotted to the other team. Both matches now precede the two Championships, and are now looked upon more as a sort of glorified picnic than a serious event. Why not abolish these two spurious events, and put in their place a really serious encounter between picked amateurs and professionals, after the manner of the Gentlemen *v.* Players' matches of cricket? This event should be fixed to take place quite apart from either of the Championships, so that it should not clash, as the present International matches do, with those two fixtures. With a little care and adjustment, such an event would undoubtedly become one of the most interesting meetings of the year. It would give players on both sides a great incentive to excel, for inclusion in the team would be the highest honour which a player could achieve. It would exercise a most salutary influence on the play of the amateurs, and it would, I am convinced, have a most beneficial effect on the relations between the two classes of players.

Ernest Lehmann

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# Frocks, Frills, and Furbelows

By Mrs. JACK MAY

On every hand is evidence that the winter season is in full swing. Bond Street is scarcely passable in the afternoon from three o'clock to five, while the favourite restaurants, such as Prince's and The Berkeley, are full to repletion of representative luncheon crowds. Oh, yes, indeed! the social world is very busy, and everybody, for the most part, looks well and happy, and the women are so well dressed. There is altogether lacking that bored, jaded look of the season proper, and a *bon camaraderie* would seem to be the prevailing spirit of the day. Then, of course, there are dinners and plays, and the interminable Bridge, while from the country come rumours of balls—county, hunt, hospital, and the like.

### Evening Confections

Dance and dinner dresses are alike of imminent importance, and several fascinating fancies have amiably floated in my direction. Now, as to the value of a distinctive evening toilette I hold very strong opinions. Only too frequently is such a gown considered in far too individual a light, without any reference to its ultimate relations with other creations. A wealth of both time and money may be expended on a model, that is completely lost in a crowd, merely because it lacks distinction.

Thus, for a pale pink net ball dress, arranged simply and fluffily, that would in the ordinary course have gone in with the ruck of such gowns and never exacted a comment, an ingenious spirit has devised the daintiest bodice fitment, that she herself terms a coat, but which I, for descriptive sake, prefer to describe as a folded fichu arrangement of pale pink taffeta, attached to a band at the back, below which fall two short habit tails. In front, this band contrives a similar finish, only that here the ends of the fichu, being free, are allowed to spread a little instead of converging, a charming finishing touch occurring in an inside fold of pale mauve silk, to which a cluster of roses, pinned rather low down, are delightfully toned. It is a safe premise that this bewitching inspiration will stand forth a triumph in the biggest concourse.

And here is another, totally different in intention, and possibly reading less invitingly. But well worn, as it will be, by a young married woman of grand presence, this rich ivory-satin creation will assuredly secure the keenest approbation. The skirt, falling in plain, slightly full folds direct from the waist, is surmounted by a beautifully fitting swathed corsage, that is ornamented about the *décolletage* with a glorious trimming of almost white leather, embroidered in silver and large pearls, laid on folds of white chiffon. The general effect of this ornamentation is of some old, rather tarnished silver embroidery, a suggestion that is enhanced by the artistic way it is applied. There is just enough to attract and hold the eye, and that is all.

### The Most Seductive Chiffons

It is truly a latter-day art, this one of chiffons, an art only tentatively essayed by our mothers, and undreamt of in the generation further back still. But to-day chiffons are a real obsession, and if ever there was a pardonable excuse for spending one's all in this particular, it is at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street. On belts, they have expended here an amazing amount of attention, with the result that there is a choice of novelties not to be equalled anywhere, the prices, at the same time, running extraordinarily low. The same holding good of the fashionable painted, embroidered, or sequined scarves, an adjunct that has been taken directly to the heart of woman fashionable. These scarves at Peter Robinson's commence at the temptingly low price of half a guinea. Among others will be found one of black chiffon, embroidered by fairy fingers with fairy light gold sequins, the whole a glorious foil to a clear-complexioned blonde.

Then, too, under the head of chiffons, comes blouses, and what the presiding genius at Peter Robinson's does not know on that subject practically amounts to nothing. Initially, to be noted among the lesser-priced models, are some tartan silk shirts, that range in price from 12*s.* 9*d.* to 29*s.* 6*d.*, a choice that embodies the real tartans, and those Parisianised plagiarisms which I am Goth enough to admit I prefer. But I have long been persuaded that to admire kilts, bagpipes, and tartans, you must have a large percentage of Scotch blood in your veins. However, at Peter Robinson's all tastes and inclinations are taken into the kindliest consideration.

Others, again, may prefer a smart delaine shirt, that represents a unique bargain at 10*s.* 9*d.*; and not to be overlooked is a knitted coat, yclept the Sports Coat, at 15*s.* 11*d.*; and there is a wonderful golfer, too, at 8*s.* 11*d.*

### The Superlative in Blouses

As a matter of fact, in the matter of blouses, this house of Peter Robinson stands alone and apart from the ordinary run altogether, and grows positively superlative in the more exclusive regions of lace, chiffon velvet, and crêpe de chiné, and the like.

Of the two dainty affairs illustrated, the one is an evening blouse of white spot chiffon, charmingly enhanced with draperies of soft lace, and light embroideries of gold sequins. A fold of gold tissue outlines the *décolletage*, and this is repeated in a similar fashion at the summit of the high folded belt of pale blue satin ribbon, a ladder of the dearest little *bébé* velvet bows, caught with a Louis ribbon ornament of gold and paste diamonds, attracting the eye pleasantly to the centre front.

For the other, obviously the fashionable Bridge blouse, an enchanting *chiné* silk is employed, a design of roses melting into a black background. At the

back this takes an elegant habit basque *mouvement*, the front opening on the tempering note of a chiffon and lace vest, ornamented with little silver tissue roses. The same lace, which is of a peculiarly fine filmy quality, fashions revers of sorts, while the sketch proclaims, more eloquently than any words, the wholly fascinating character of the sleeves, wherein the folds are all swept towards the back of the arm, and there effectively mingled with more of the cobwebby lace. So you see the extraordinary gamut of choice that prevails here, and that which I have related does not represent a tithe of the story.

**Two charming blouses sketched at Peter Robinson's, Oxford Street**

### Coming Events Cast Their Shadows

For friends in the Colonies, we are already agitating ourselves over the usual Christmas greeting in the shape of cards, the shops most obligingly helping us in our quest by being already well prepared with this Christmas convention, perhaps the most nerve-cracking social tradition in existence.

It is quite possible, though, to lessen bewilderment a trifle by asking for Raphael Tuck and Sons' cards and almanacks, this always renowned firm having really excelled themselves this year, and not only in persuasively dainty fancies, perfectly executed, but in the many happy departures they have contrived to open up in the couplets and wording generally. A criticism that is true of the moderately priced cards sold by the dozen in a box equally with the magnificent almanacks and booklets, the outcome of that latter-day aspiration to always go the one better, which, after all, is the whole root of progress.

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# How Organisation Achieves Success

THE importance of an efficient organisation, whether it be in a State, Government, or commercial enterprise, cannot be too forcibly emphasised. An apt illustration of the truth contained in this fact is afforded by an incident which occurred in the Hotel Cecil. This famous hostelry catered for a banquet which numbered 950 guests. The dinner was timed to commence at seven o'clock, but the majority of the guests were seated at the tables twenty minutes before this hour. The exalted personage who occupied the chair was ushered to his seat at 6.45. The manager, who was in attendance, realised in a flash that a quarter of an hour's wait would probably produce an effect on the guests which even the finest dinner would fail to eradicate. He hastily repaired to the *chef*, explained the situation, and inquired as to what was the earliest possible moment that the function could be commenced. "In two minutes," replied the *chef*, and he kept his word. The successful execution of such a feat was an achievement of the very highest order—only those who are intimately connected with banqueting work can fully realise to what a degree—and it unquestionably provides a significant proof that the most powerful organisation is comprised in the management which controls the largest hotel in Europe. The sponsors of the banquet in question had every reason to be grateful for the efficiency and quick perception which made possible the successful surmounting of such a difficulty. A subscription was opened at the dinner, and close on £40,000 was subscribed, but if the diners had been put out of humour by a tedious wait before dining, can anyone doubt that the amount raised would have fallen very far short of this sum? Some people are under the impression that the Hotel Cecil, their banqueting-halls, restaurant, and everything else appertaining to the hotel are possible only to millionaires. This idea, however, is a pure fallacy. Further evidence of their enterprise has just been forthcoming in the recent opening of the Café Cecil, 88, Strand. 'Tis true that ladies who are shopping in town or attending a matinée, have an abundance of restaurants to resort to for afternoon tea, but all such resorts, with very few exceptions, are burdened with some disadvantage. If a restaurant is equipped in a manner that appeals to the fastidious taste, economical charges are conspicuous by their absence, and if, on the contrary, moderate charges prevail, customers must content themselves with inferior environments, a wretched service, and a questionable quality of food. Insufficient space debars an exhaustive description of the Café Cecil. Suffice it to say that the service and appointments are consistent with the parent hotel. Visitors partaking of afternoon teas there are spared the necessity of reaching across the table for sugar and cream, for each individual is served with a dainty tray complete with a pot of tea, hot water, sugar, and cream, and, where desired, bread and butter, at a total charge of—sixpence. [ADVT.]

Interior of Café, showing Ground Floor and Balcony


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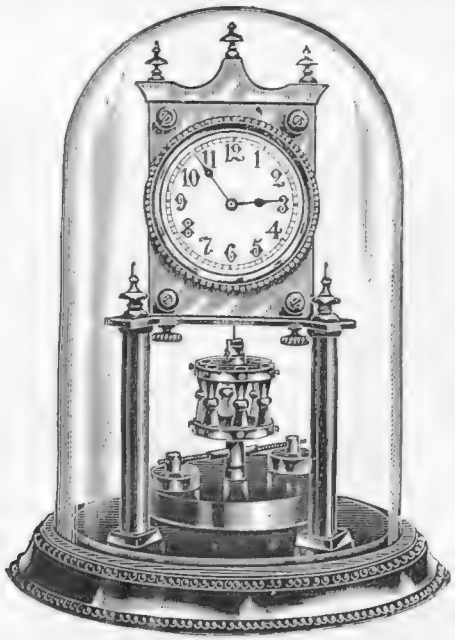

and keep you awake. It is guaranteed to go for **400 DAYS** without rewinding. It keeps time as accurately as any ordinary clock. It is also a handsome ornament. Height 10½ in., diameter of base 7½ in. Price only **42/-** here, or delivered free for **44/-** within the United Kingdom. Orders despatched in due rotation.

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# A Woman's Note Book

## THAT ANCIENT AND BORING INSTITUTION, "CALLING"

People are giving up being sociable, I hear; and calling, especially, is either about to become a past fashion or else a much-neglected one. Women say now that they have no time for these vague and unsatisfactory afternoon amusements; and hostesses sit drearily waiting in their most fashionable attire, and have to end up the melancholy proceedings by eating their own cakes. Meanwhile, where are the others—the others who ought to call, and don't? Are they *all* given up to spheres of usefulness; to literature, art, philanthrophy, or domestic ties—it is to be feared that many are only pursuing little pet fads and eccentricities, while the hostesses wait in vain. Yet, why not? After all, what is this foolish habit of afternoon calling which lures us from cosy firesides in winter, and in the summer interferes with our games. It is no satisfaction to anyone; men would never think of standing such an irksome institution—at least, not to the extent with which we put up with it.

Take, for instance, a woman living in the country, where she must go long distances to reach her friends, perhaps in the winter time. She has to hurry out soon after lunch; drive or cycle along heavy roads; finding those at home whom she had hoped to find out, and missing others she wanted to see. Cold and pining for a cup of tea, she only hears the stiff "not at home" upon her arrival; or, entering a drawing room, has, for the sake of courtesy, to sit next, and be affable towards, a woman whom she happens to know (through the medium of a *friend*) made perpetual disparaging remarks about her last season's bonnet.

At the very best of times, supposing the neighbourhood to be a friendly one, neighbours intimately acquainted, and (this last is exceedingly improbable) feuds few and far between, calling is eminently unsatisfactory. If I like a person I want to have a long chat with her, not to jump up again in twenty minutes in search of someone else. I like to be asked to take off my jacket; to have a plate for tea and put my feet on the fender, if I feel so disposed. I like the other people in the room to be on about the same terms of intimacy with myself and each other — not to find myself in an apartment and see scattered there promiscuously my best friend, my worst enemy, a family I met for the first time last week, and three other people I never saw in my life before.

I don't wonder people are giving up calling, for they long since gave up any pretence of liking it; and when their manners sank to this plainly shown depression, it was time they let the habit go altogether. It is only the very young, or the very inexperienced, who pretend to be bright and interested as they flit restlessly from one house to another. The old hands have relapsed into a calling manner, too plainly indicating their feelings and ennui, coupled with a grasping tendency to secure the best arm-chairs.

In London, calling is worse than in the country: you spring up sooner, as is befitting the restless life of our capital; you are more formal; you know fewer of the people present; you are in a perpetual state of suspicion against those of your fellow-creatures to whom you have never been introduced. It is probable that, if calling were not the fashion, many of us would go oftener to see our friends, and enjoy these visits twice as well. The sense of duty involved in turning out induces us either to stay at home or be profoundly depressed when we reach our destination.

LADY PHYLLIS.

# The Menu: A FEW HOT SAVOURIES

Oyster Toast
Mushrooms au Gratin
Devilled Lobster
Cod's Roe Angels on Horseback

### OYSTER TOAST

Take two dozen oysters, and, after having taken off the beards and hard parts, parboil them in their own liquor, and mince them fine. Bone, mince, and rub two anchovies through a sieve, and add them to the oysters, with two tablespoonfuls of thick cream and a pinch of cayenne. Heat this altogether, and spread on lightly buttered toast. This must be served very hot.

### MUSHROOMS AU GRATIN

Scoop out the insides of some nice round mushrooms, after peeling them; cut off the stalks, peel them, and chop them up with a small piece of onion, a teaspoonful of chopped parsley, a pinch of thyme, and a piece of thin lemon-peel the size of sixpence; fry these in bacon fat, flavour with pepper and salt, and add sufficient quantity of breadcrumbs to fill the hollowed out mushrooms. Fill the hollows with this mixture and cover with a few breadcrumbs, and cook very slowly in good fat or butter in a stewpan, keeping them well covered to retain the flavour. Serve with a little gravy poured round.

### DEVILLED LOBSTER

Take the meat from a lobster and sprinkle with a little Nepaul pepper, chop it very finely, then add a dessertspoonful of chutney, a little melted butter, and a tomato cut up small. These must be stewed over the fire, stirring till they boil; add a little mixed mustard (French) also, if available. Have ready some little squares of fried bread, and put some of the devilled lobster on each, and sprinkle a little finely chopped parsley over.

### COD'S ROE

Take some smoked cod's roe, shave it into very small pieces, put it into a saucepan, with a good sized piece of butter and a little pepper. Stir it well over the fire and pour it on pieces of toast, cut in rounds. Sometimes muffin is used instead of toast.

### ANGELS ON HORSEBACK

Take very thin slices of fat bacon, cut off all the rind. Then take an oyster (or two, if very small), pour on it two drops of essence of anchovy, four drops of lemon, and a grain of cayenne, and roll it in the slice of bacon. When there are sufficient of these rolls, put them on a small skewer and fry them. When cooked, take each one separately and place on a fried crouton. This is a dish which must be served very hot.

EMILIA.

# The Connoisseur

## FURNITURE IN THE ROYAL COLLECTION

The wide interest that has been awakened in the subject of antique household furniture may be measured by the number of more or less informing books recently published upon the subject and the large sale they have obtained. Among these, none will be found more authoritative and valuable than that just issued by Messrs. Bradbury, Agnew, and prepared by Mr. Guy Laking, on "The Furniture of Windsor Castle." This work is a continuation of the series, of which the descriptive account of the armoury at Windsor was the first, issued by the King's command, and dealing with the artistic treasures of the Royal palace. The collection, as is well known, includes some of the best examples of those master craftsmen for which the eighteenth century was justly famous, as well as many examples of earlier work.

### English Silversmiths of the Seventeenth Century

Jacob, Chippendale, Riesener, Weisweiler, André Boulle, Le Gaigneur, Gaspar Teuné, and Gouthière, are all well represented. There is also a considerable quantity of the silver furniture affected, more particularly, during the seventeenth century. In this class of work we know no more characteristic example than that given in our illustration. This is from a photograph of one of a pair of gueridons, or stands, showing the work of English silversmiths towards the end of the seventeenth century. But there are other pieces of silver furn ture at Windsor of almost equal interest, such as the mirror-frame presented by the citizens of London to King Charles II., or the silver table given to King William III. by the Corporation of the same city after the Revolution.

**One of a pair of gueridons, composed of silver**
English workmanship, last quarter of the seventeenth century

### Superiority of English Workmanship

One point of particular interest to the student of English work is that he may here compare the finest examples of French manufacture with that of the native cabinet-makers. Although the French were, to a great extent, originators of so much that is fine and graceful in this particular applied art, it will be owned that the English workmanship is, in almost every case, infinitely superior to that of their Parisian masters; the native productions are more complete, of sounder materials, and constructed with a view to rougher wear. The examples of Georgian work are, in all cases, admirable, and of these Mr. Laking gives many excellent photographs, which cannot, however, display the perfection of the actual cabinet work — their most attractive quality. The designs are frequently suggested by the contemporary French *mode*, but the cunning of the handiwork shows the admired skill of our eighteenth-century craftsmen, which is now valued by the connoisseur and collector as highly or higher than the most elaborate Continental production. In the introductory portion of Mr. Laking's volume he traces the derivation and growth of the Windsor collection, and indicates how much of it is due to the various occupants of the English Throne. Thus, from an historical standpoint as well as from that of the collector, "The Furniture at Windsor Castle" will prove of no slight interest, and should greatly aid all those whose business or pleasure leads them to study in the pleasant by-paths of the applied arts. E. M.

**An arm-chair, Italian (Venetian) workmanship, late seventeenth century**

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# THE EDITOR'S BOX

### Lord Mayor's Feasts

Nearly 500 children were entertained on Lord Mayor's Day at De Keyser's Hotel, on the Victoria Embankment. Among them were a party of 120 boys from Christ's Hospital, 200 girls from King Edward VI.'s School, and 150 cripple children from the Ragged School Union.

### The Riviera Quite Near London

The "Riviera" is a soothing word these dark and damp days, but the majority of people, who do not winter abroad, are probably under a wrong impression as to its "handiness" from London. As a matter of fact, it is not really very far. One takes a train at Victoria (S.E. and C.) at eleven o'clock, crosses *viâ* Dover-Calais, and at the latter point takes a through carriage, with sleeping-cars, direct to Ventimiglia, without the change in Paris. All details from the S.E. and C. Company's Continental time-books.

### Society of Arts

The Society of Arts commenced its 152nd Session on November 15 with an Opening Address from the Chairman of its Council, Sir Owen Roberts. Among the papers set down for the Wednesday evenings before Christmas is one on the "Commerce and Industries of Japan," by Mr. W. F. Mitchell, at which the Japanese Minister will preside. Sir William Preece will also give an account of the doings of the British Association in South Africa last summer, and Mr. F. Martin-Duncan will describe the recent applications of the cinematograph for scientific purposes. A course of Cantor lectures by Professor J. A. Fleming on "Electric Waves" will also be given before Christmas. Among the courses of lectures announced for the meetings after Christmas is one under the Cantor Trust on "Modern Warships," by Sir William E. White, and one under the Howard Trust, by Professor Sylvanus P. Thompson, on "High-Speed Electric Generators." The usual course of juvenile lectures will be given this year by Professor Herbert Jackson, the subject being "Flame and Combustion."

### Cafe Cecil

The Café Cecil, which has recently been opened in the Strand, is intended for the convenience of those who are naturally fastidious but economically inclined. Served from the famous kitchen of the Hotel Cecil, the cooking is such as will satisfy the most exacting gourmand, yet the tariff is sufficiently moderate to attract those who, though they require *récherché* luncheons, do not care to spend more than a limited sum. Ladies shopping in the Strand will find in the Café Cecil all that they require, for not only are the meals exquisitely prepared and admirably served, but the arrangements are such as to convey almost a sense of home. The accommodation comprises a large central chamber on the ground floor, above, a spacious gallery where meals are also served, and a smoking-room down-tairs. The provision of first-class luncheons and teas at such reasonable prices, and amid such artistic surroundings, will prove a boon to those whom lunch or tea-time finds in the vicinity of the Strand.

### Shaftesbury Theatre

*The Walls of Jericho*, at the Shaftesbury Theatre, is now preceded by *The Factory Fire* (formerly entitled *A Case of Arson*), in which Mr. Henri de Vries, the famous Dutch actor, plays seven characters. Mr. Henry Vibart will again be the Examining Magistrate.

### The Kodak Exhibition at the Strand Gallery

Considerable interest attaches to the Exhibition of Photographs now being held at 40, Strand. At the head of the list is H.M. the Queen, whose pictures are of unique interest. The five photographic studies by which Princess Victoria is represented are noticeable for an appreciation of the artistic effects to be obtained by the use of a kodak in the half-lights. The *raison d'être* of the Exhibition is the collection of the works of "distinguished kodak users," and by many other celebrities. Of special interest in connection with the late war are the remarkable photographs of the sunken vessels at the entrance of Port Arthur, the portrait of General Oyama, and that of General Ian Hamilton and General Kodama, and an excellent group of General Kuropatkin and Staff, by Sir A. B. Hepburn.

### Notice to our Subscribers

The Title Page and Index to Volume VII. of THE BYSTANDER can be had free on application to the Publisher, Tallis Street, E.C., enclosing 1*d.* stamp to cover cost of postage.

POSTAGE RATES FOR THIS WEEK'S "BYSTANDER" are as follow:—To any part of the United Kingdom ½d. per copy, irrespective of weight. To any other part of the world the rate would be ½d. FOR EVERY TWO OUNCES. Care should, therefore, be taken to WEIGH AND STAMP correctly all copies so forwarded.

# Our Hunt Photograph Competition

enters, this issue, upon its third week. As there are still three weeks to run, the following particulars should be noted by new competitors. It is a Competition for

## AMATEUR PHOTOGRAPHERS

who are confined to one subject, viz., photographs of scenes, incidents, and personalities, in the hunting field.

**Photographs of This Season's Hunts will alone be considered.**

## How to Send in Photographs

Just address them to "The Art Editor, THE BYSTANDER, Tallis Street, London, E.C.," and in the left-hand *top* corner write "Hunt Competition." With the photographs themselves do not enclose a letter, but simply *pencil on the back of the photograph or photographs* the following simple statements:—

*(a)* What hunt or other particulars describing photo;

*(b)* Where taken and when;

*(c)* Name and address of sender.

## No Limit

There is no limit to the number of photographs which may be sent in by any competitor, but it must be understood that the Editor will be guided in his selection of winning photographs, not only by their artistic value, but also by their interest to hunting people generally. Photographs for the ensuing week will be decided on every Friday, and photographs too late for one week will be available for the following week. Remember that photographs must be of current events.

One hundred photographs will, at the very least, be selected from the photographs submitted, and of these each week the photograph which, in the Editor's opinion, is the best sent in for each week, ending on every Friday, will be awarded One Guinea. The others published will be paid for at the rate of 5*s.* each. At the end of six weeks' publication of selected photographs, the competitor who has been successful in having had the most photographs accepted will be awarded, in addition,

## FIRST PRIZE

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**(By the same maker)**

according to the Prizewinner's choice.

It must also be understood that no photographs can be returned unless a stamped envelope is enclosed for that purpose, and even then no responsibility will be assumed.

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